The Outlook

Volume 90 | 7 November, 1908 | Number 10

Price Ten Cents. Three Dollars a Year

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Published by the Outlook Company, **287 Fourth Avenue, New York.** Chicago Office, Marquette Building.
The subscription price of The Outlook is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy.
Postage is prepaid by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila (Samoa), Shanghai, Canal Zone, Cuba, and Mexico. For Canada $1.20 should be added for postage, and for all other countries in the Postal Union $1.56 should be added for postage.
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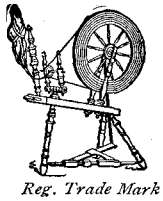

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The Outlook

7 NOVEMBER, 1908

PUBLISHED BY THE OUTLOOK COMPANY, 287 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK. CHICAGO OFFICE, MARQUETTE BLDG.
LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT, PRESIDENT. WILLIAM B. HOWLAND, TREASURER. KARL V. S. HOWLAND, SECRETARY
LYMAN ABBOTT, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF. H. W. MABIE, ASSOCIATE EDITOR. R. D. TOWNSEND, MANAGING EDITOR

Mr. Roosevelt and The Outlook

On and after the fifth of March, 1909, Theodore Roosevelt will be associated with The Outlook's editorial staff as special Contributing Editor.

As the beginning of the nineteenth century was characterized by the movement towards Political Democracy, so the beginning of the twentieth century has been characterized by a movement towards Industrial Democracy. In this world movement Theodore Roosevelt has been recognized as a world leader. No one who knows him has believed that his leadership would cease with his retirement from the Presidency. We congratulate ourselves and our readers that this leadership, exercised for the past seven years in Presidential messages, will be exercised in the future through the columns of The Outlook, which will be the exclusive channel for the expression of his views on political, industrial, and social topics.

Mr. Roosevelt will be more than a mere contributor. His headquarters will be at the Outlook office, and he will be in frequent and, we hope, in constant consultation with its staff. His position will thus be somewhat analogous to that of a consulting engineer who is called in to give the benefit of his expert co-operation to the staff of engineers in charge of a great undertaking like the Panama Canal. But the editorial control of The Outlook will remain unchanged. Mr. Roosevelt's contributions, though editorial in their nature, will be signed by his name, and will be the absolutely free and unmodified expression of his personal convictions. We anticipate that on occasions both the interest and the value of The Outlook will be enhanced by frank discussions between this journal and its distinguished Associate.

As already announced in these columns, Mr. Roosevelt, after retiring from the Presidency, will sail for Africa, and the reports of his scientific hunting expedition will be published exclusively in Scribner's Magazine. During this period his contributions on questions of the day will necessarily be somewhat restricted. Yet The Outlook will have the benefit of his foresight before he sails, and will give to its readers occasional articles from his pen on topics of current interest, which will foreshadow his larger editorial activity upon his return to his native land.

"The history of the world," says Hegel, "is none other than the

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progress of the consciousness of Freedom." Ever since its birth in 1870 The Outlook has been endeavoring to interpret current history in the spirit of this definition. We count ourselves very happy in being promised in this work the co-operation of an American so eminent in the essential qualities of leadership as Theodore Roosevelt—high ideals, extraordinary quickness and largeness of vision, the long look ahead, a consistent and progressive political philosophy, practical wisdom in applying great principles to present and prospective conditions, unfailing good humor, faith in God and in his fellow-men, and always indomitable and unquestioned courage.

THE ELECTION RETURNS

At this writing, Wednesday morning, it is not possible to give election figures in complete detail, but the essential result of the election may be set down as follows: The election of William H. Taft to the Presidency is as decisive as the election of Mr. Roosevelt four years ago, or that of Mr. McKinley eight years ago. Mr. Taft has received 64 per cent of the electoral vote of the country, as against 62 per cent cast for Mr. McKinley in 1896, 66 per cent cast for Mr. McKinley in 1900, and 70 per cent cast for Mr. Roosevelt in 1904. Mr. Taft has probably carried all the States outside of the "solid South" with the exception of Nebraska, Nevada, and Oklahoma, which gives him a vote, in the electoral college, of 314. Mr. Bryan's vote is 169. The only important State which changed from the Republican column in 1904 to the Democratic column in 1908 was Missouri. President Roosevelt's plurality in that State of 25,000 was turned into a Bryan plurality of about 35,000. The popular vote for Mr. Taft was everywhere less than the popular vote for Mr. Roosevelt four years ago, with the interesting exception of New York. That State gave the Republican candidate a plurality of over 190,000, or fifteen thousand more than it did in 1904. Mr. Taft also carried Greater New York, a feat accomplished before only in 1896, when the sound money sentiment overturned the normal Democratic majority. Mr. Bryan's plurality in Manhattan and the Bronx this year was less than 10,000, while Mr. Taft carried Brooklyn by over 20,000. Governor Hughes was re-elected in New York by a plurality of over 71,000, 14,000 more than his advantage over Hearst two years ago. In the other States where the gubernatorial contests were acute the results were as follows: Lilley, Republican, was elected in Connecticut; Deneen, Republican, in Illinois; Marshall, Democrat, in Indiana; Johnson, Democrat (re-elected for a third term), in Minnesota; Cowherd, Democrat, in Missouri; and perhaps Harmon, Democrat, in Ohio. The fact that Indiana, Minnesota, and Ohio chose Democratic Governors and yet gave substantial majorities to Mr. Taft for President is a significant indication of the growth of independent voting in this country. The next Congress will be of the same political complexion as the last. At this writing the popular vote for the Socialist candidate, Mr. Debs, has not been reported, but in New York City, where three prominent Socialists were running for Congress and the Legislature in supposedly strong Socialistic districts, those candidates were defeated. The vote cast by Mr. Hearst's Independence League was absurdly insignificant. No returns of the Prohibition vote have been published at this writing. The direct primary movement in New Jersey, led by State Senator Everett Colby against corrupt bossism and vicious corporation influence, received an unfortunate blow in his regrettable defeat. With this exception the general result is indicative of the honesty, intelligence, and independence of the mass of the voters throughout the country.

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THE SUFFRAGE IN GEORGIA

The Suffrage Amendment to the Georgia Constitution, which was adopted by a popular vote of nearly two to one last month, is in general principle similar to the Suffrage Amendments of Virginia, North Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana. It had no influence upon the election this week, inasmuch as it does not go into effect until next January. In order to register and vote according to the provisions of this amendment, a man must, besides meeting certain requirements as to residence and the payment of his taxes, have one of the following qualifications: Either (1) he must have served in the land or naval forces of the United States or the Confederate States or the State of Georgia in time of war, or be lawfully descended from one who has done so; *or* (2) he must be a person of good character, satisfying the registrars of election that he understands the duties and obligations of citizenship; *or* (3) he must correctly read in the English language any paragraph of the United States Constitution or the State Constitution, and, unless physically incapacitated from doing so, correctly write the same when read to him; *or* (4) he must be the owner of at least forty acres of land in the State in which he resides, or the owner of five hundred dollars' worth of property in the State assessed for taxation. As The Outlook has pointed out on other occasions, an "understanding clause," such as that stating the second qualification, is indisputably vicious: it allows the faction or party in office to admit to the suffrage any one it will. If every applicant for the suffrage had to comply with this "understanding clause," the result would be the establishment of a partisan or factional oligarchy; but every voter does not have to comply with it. If a man owns five hundred dollars' worth of property, the registrars must, according to this provision, admit him to the suffrage, whether he understands the duties of citizenship or not. Moreover, this "understanding clause," like the so-called "grandfather clause" which precedes it, is only temporary, and expires on January 1, 1915. In other words, all those who, successfully pleading either the "grandfather clause" or the "understanding clause" between January 1, 1909, and January 1, 1915, are admitted to the registry, may, if they do not for some reason become disqualified, continue to register and vote for the rest of their lives; but those who fail to plead successfully these two clauses before 1915 and are unable to qualify under either of the other two clauses will be excluded from the suffrage. This, in brief, signifies the determination of the State of Georgia that ultimately no man who is careless of his primary duty of paying his taxes, and is both illiterate and propertyless, can take part in the government of his fellow-men. In order that this amendment might be adopted, it was necessary to provide that all voters who were both propertyless and illiterate now should not necessarily exclude themselves by voting for the amendment. Georgia says to its boys, If you wish to participate in the government of this State, you must at least show yourself either intelligent and informed, or thrifty. That this action of the State as a matter of fact will exclude from the ballot a great mass of the blacks only puts the more pressure upon them to fit themselves for voting by acquiring at least a rudimentary education, or by accumulating at least a little property.

THE NEW CHILD LABOR LAW FOR LOUISIANA

Louisiana steps to the front with the best child labor law yet enacted by any Southern State. Its passage was due almost solely to the heroic efforts of Miss Jean M. Gordon, Factory Inspector of New Orleans, who remained with the Legislature in Baton Rouge until the law was finally signed by the Governor. It received a majority of one vote in the House and one in the Senate on a test vote for the passage of the bill. The new law raises the age limit from twelve for boys to the standard of fourteen for both boys and girls in any mill, factory, mine, packing-house, manufacturing establishment, workshop, laundry, mercantile establishment, and in the transmission and distribution of messages for merchandise. The age certificate is issued by the Factory In-

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spector, and the law requires satisfactory evidence that the child is of the age stated in the certificate. Miss Gordon fought hard for a nine-hour day, but was forced to compromise on a ten-hour day for boys under eighteen and for all women in the industries above enumerated. Night work is forbidden for boys under sixteen and girls under eighteen. In addition to the child labor provisions are several measures for the cleanliness and proper sanitation of factories, and provisions for the protection of employees against accidents and injuries. The act went into effect immediately upon its passage during the summer, and with Miss Gordon's effective administration in New Orleans, where the worst conditions were found, we may look for much better protection for the women and children who toil.

CLEVELAND STREET RAILWAYS THE PRO-JOHNSON VIEW

What shall be the relation of American municipal governments to public service corporations? How shall the people of the cities be provided with transportation, water, gas, electricity, and telephones at the lowest possible cost and with the best possible convenience consonant with a just and reasonable return upon the capital invested? The rapidly growing interest in these questions makes the special street railway election or referendum held in Cleveland on October 22 of National interest. At this election the street railway plans of Mayor Tom L. Johnson suffered a serious setback, perhaps even a permanent defeat. There are financial, legal, and political complications in the Cleveland controversy which make it somewhat difficult of understanding by a non-resident, but, stripping the story of its technical details, we shall endeavor to tell it, first from the point of view of a Johnson supporter and second from the point of view of a Johnson opponent, asking our readers to bear in mind that Mayor Johnson is a radical Democrat in National politics and is a friend and follower of Mr. Bryan. The favorable interpretation is as follows: Mayor Tom L. Johnson formerly belonged to the capitalistic class. He made a fortune in the promotion and operation of street railways and is familiar with all the methods which have made the street railways of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, and numerous other smaller cities a source of suffering and disgrace to the citizens. He was converted to a belief in popular rights and real social democracy by Henry George. Having ample means, he determined to put some of his ideas into practice in the city of Cleveland. Being elected Mayor, he gathered about him a group of able men who took positions in the city government from motives of civic duty and pride. His administration gave to Cleveland the best municipal government it ever had. The public service corporation which he found most firmly intrenched behind the citadel of "vested rights" was the street railway system. In his judgment, it was charging for transportation "all the traffic would bear." He began to fight it by methods of private competition, establishing his own street railway, called the Forest City Company, for the purpose. But this did not work, for private competition in public utilities never works in the real interest of the consumer. He then turned his attention to municipal ownership and operation. Legislation had been so influenced by financiers of the "vested interests" type that actual municipal ownership of street railways was prohibited by State laws. Mayor Johnson, therefore, worked out the public-spirited plan of a Municipal Traction Company, legally a private corporation, but to be administered by the directors as semi-public trustees for the benefit of all the people. In other words, the Municipal Traction Company was to be managed like a savings bank or hospital. After a long fight with the Cleveland Electric Railway Company, which controlled most of the streets of the city and operated between two hundred and three hundred miles of railway, a lease was effected and the Municipal Traction Company began the operation of all the street railways at a three-cent fare. A deed of trust was executed which protected the city from the danger of the Municipal Traction Company's degenerating into a mere money-making concern. The "vested interests" with all the power

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at their command opposed the new plan; they employed a subsidized press; they applauded if they did not actually encourage and support a strike which interfered with the operation of the new road; and when the question was submitted to the citizens of Cleveland at a special election as to whether the Municipal Traction Company should be maintained, powerful interests desiring private profit in public utilities confused the issue and introduced questions of National politics which had nothing to do with the case. The Municipal Traction Company, in spite of great difficulties, was beginning to make money and would have been perfectly able to maintain the lease which has just been practically dissolved by the adverse referendum. Perhaps mistakes have been made by the Municipal Traction Company, but they are mistakes that would have been overlooked in the operation of a private company and were being rectified. The fact that Mayor Johnson was defeated by a vote of six hundred, a very small per cent of the total vote cast, proves that his idea has taken root, and that, while the cause of popular rights in street transportation has received a blow, it will in the end be successful.

CLEVELAND STREET RAILWAYS
THE ANTI-JOHNSON VIEW

Over against the foregoing the anti-Johnson interpretation of the election may be set down as follows: Mayor Tom L. Johnson, having made a fortune in street railways, began to cultivate political ambitions. He came to Cleveland and endeavored to obtain political power by setting "the masses" against the "classes." It is true that he made some improvements in the various departments and bureaus of the city government, but with an extravagance that bore very heavily upon the property-owners and taxpayers of the city; these costly improvements, however, were popular with those voters who had little money at stake. There had been, it is true, in the past history of Cleveland street railways many financial blots, but at the time that Mayor Johnson took up his campaign the Cleveland Electric Railway Company was admirably managed by a man who was universally acknowledged to be not only an able but an upright and public-spirited citizen. Mayor Johnson was determined to obtain for himself both the political prestige and the financial profit of controlling the street railway system of the city. The Legislature, having wisely foreseen the dangers and the political corruption of municipal ownership, had forbidden it; but Mayor Johnson proceeded to evade the law by the organization of the Municipal Traction Company, which he professed would operate the street railways for public advantage and not for private profit. There was, however, no legal force to this declaration, and Mayor Johnson was finally compelled to form a trust, by which the public nature of the Company could be maintained. But he took care to have this trust arranged so that his personal influence, if not his personal control, could be perpetuated. When the Municipal Traction Company began to operate the street railways, the service degenerated; the cars were overcrowded; the three-cent fare was not applied to all parts of the city; the treatment of employees was such that they struck; and there was every indication that the company could not carry out the financial obligations of the lease. The lease rested upon a franchise granted to the old company as a security. If the Municipal Company failed, the old company could take over the business and charge five-cent fares again. A petition for a referendum on this franchise resulted in the election just held, in which, despite the fact that the city officials and traction employees were used in polling the Mayor's full strength, the people have declared against the franchise. This election proves that the people of Cleveland do not trust Mayor Johnson, that they do not want him to manage their public utilities, aud that they prefer private ownership and operation.

CLEVELAND STREET RAILWAYS
THE OUTLOOK'S VIEW

The two statements above are a fair summary, pro and con, of the views in Cleveland of Mayor Johnson's attempt

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to settle the street railway problem. Some of our Cleveland readers appear to think that The Outlook has been a supporter of Mayor Johnson. This is not the case. We have never advocated Mayor Johnson's or anybody else's specific plan for street railway reform in Cleveland. We have simply pointed out the perfectly patent and undeniable evils of the modern system of financing and operating street railways, and have expressed the opinion that Mayor Johnson or anybody else who suggests a practical plan for removing these evils may wisely be given a fair opportunity to demonstrate the plan in operation. The citizens of Cleveland evidently think that the known evils of private operation and long-continued litigation are preferable to the unknown evils of a street railway conducted by trustees on behalf of the whole city. Or else their personal dislike of Mayor Johnson is such that they are not willing to accept a method of reform in which his personality is a dominant influence. The referendum election has thrown the whole controversy into the courts, and the street railways of Cleveland are likely to be operated for some time by receivers. We hope that the citizens of Cleveland will like the method of having their street railways operated by the courts better than the people do in New York, where the plan is now being tried on a very large scale. The unmistakable tendency of the time is, in our judgment, towards municipal ownership, if not municipal operation, of public utilities.

ARE OUR CITIES FREE?

"In the United States to-day it frequently happens that some distinguished personage will visit a great municipality, and the form of bestowing upon him the freedom of the city is observed. But it is a form only, an empty fiction. However hospitable their impulse, however welcome their visitor, the cities of this great republic, with some notable exceptions, have no freedom to give. They are in fact slaves themselves, slaves of the machinery which controls the State and which generally counts the Legislature and the Executive as its most important parts." These were the emphatic words of Mayor Haussling, of Newark, New Jersey, in an address he delivered at a Convention of Mayors and Councilmen of a goodly number of American cities in Omaha last month. They express a view which very few who are acquainted with American municipal government would be willing to deny. Parties divided on National and State issues are not fitted to be the contestants for the control of municipal administration. Those, therefore, who are engaged in advancing the cause of sound city government are agreed in attempting, on the one hand, to weaken the hold of the party machine upon city offices, and, on the other hand, to concentrate in a few individuals responsibility for the efficient conduct of city business. One method of doing this, repeatedly described in The Outlook, is known as the Des Moines plan. It provides for a commission of a small membership with each commissioner held responsible for his own department, and the Mayor supervising all. At the Convention in Omaha a Commissioner from Des Moines and one from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, which has followed the Des Moines plan, both declared, out of their own experience, for the effectiveness of the plan. An essential part, however, of freedom from subserviency to party politics is freedom from legislative interference in purely municipal matters. This principle of home rule for cities has found perhaps its latest prominent expression in the island of Cuba. There an advisory commission, composed of Americans and Cubans, have prepared a "project of municipal law." Under this plan it is explicitly provided that the jurisdiction over all matters not vested in the government of the State, or in the provincial councils or governors under the Constitution and the laws, shall be vested in the municipal government. Nowhere on American soil, so far as we can recall, have the rights of the city been so carefully defined or so amply protected. In this project all that the State legislature has to do for the city is to provide for the relations between the general government and the municipalities.

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THE CITY AND THE PARTIES

Haverhill, Massachusetts, has also recently made a contribution to this liberation of cities from the game of partisan politics. The charter which was adopted on October 6 by a vote of more than three to two, owing to the agitation of the Haverhill Civic Association, reaches some of the results of the Des Moines plan by a different route. There is a Board of Aldermen, presided over by the Mayor, but it numbers only four. There is also a School Committee of the same number. As in the Des Moines plan, there is a provision for the recall of any city official. Most radical of all the provisions of this charter, however, is that which hedges around with restrictions the process of nomination. On the primary ballots there shall be no "party or political designation or mark;" there shall be nothing to indicate the party preferences or the opinions of any candidate for nomination. Moreover, no more than two candidates for each office can receive the nomination. Only those two men who receive the highest number of votes at the primaries can be voted for at the regular election for any office. It therefore becomes impossible for the members of a third party to vote for any one of their own party nominees. This would be, of course, a serious defect in any election where party differences are essential; but to the minds of those who deplore party divisions in municipal elections this provision is a distinct virtue. Fresno, California, is operating under a law which requires that all nominations for city offices shall be by petition, and shall be printed on the official ballot only under the caption "Independent Nominations." Though this provision may be unconstitutional, public sentiment in its favor has thus far prevented any recourse to the courts to invalidate it. Nevertheless, curious to relate, under this very provision the non-partisan candidate was defeated. An increasing number of American cities are coming to regard National party lines in local affairs as of less and less importance. Cleveland and Detroit are Republican in National politics, but during the past dozen years have more frequently had mayors of Democratic persuasion than Republican. Boston and Chicago, on the other hand, normally Democratic, have Republican executives. Pittsburgh, a Republican stronghold, has a Democratic chief executive. The fact is, of course, that in the administration of a great city there is very little opportunity (because there is very little occasion) to raise political issues. The government of a city is like the administration of a great corporation, and a choice in election should turn on the fitness and the efficiency of the men proposed for office rather than on any questions of political policy.

WHAT IS A BUDGET?

What is a budget? Is it fish, flesh, or fowl, or good red herring? A small item on a back page of each of the New York dailies last week reported that the city budget for the coming year had been adopted by the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, and that it amounted to $156,000,000. To the average citizen that announcement probably meant nothing. If he read the item at all, he undoubtedly conceived of the budget as something about as closely related to himself as the canals of Mars. But what is the fact? The city budget touches in a sensitive spot—the pocketbook—every taxpayer, every householder who pays rent and therein helps pay his landlord's taxes, every housekeeper who, in paying her household bills, helps pay the taxes of the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker. What, then, is the budget? It is the allotment to the various departments of the city government of the amounts of money which they may spend during the coming year. The budget says to the Commissioner of Parks, "You may spend three million dollars this year on your parks;" to the Commissioner of Police, "You may have fourteen million dollars this year to pay your policemen and to pay the necessary expenses of your department;" and so to the Board of Education, the Fire Department, the Borough Presidents, and all the other city departments. The money thus assigned for the expenses of the city government comes from the taxes paid by Citizen A and B and C.

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As the budget increases up go the taxes. If the Fire Department must have more money this year for wages and equipment and supplies, A and B and C must foot the bill. And, what is more important, if the President of a Borough is paying extravagant salaries to men who are not doing a full day's work in return for a day's pay, if a department is paying $3 apiece for gas fixtures which can be bought in the open market for 45 cents, the wasted money comes out of the pockets of A and B and C. In the past the taxpayer has known little or nothing about the budget. He has had practically no idea whether his money was being spent wisely, economically, and honestly by his stewards in the city government. A group of men in New York conceived the idea that if the taxpayer could be interested in the way his taxes were spent, and if he could be given definite, trustworthy evidence on which he might base his judgment, he would prove to be a great influence for the improvement of the government of his city. They organized the Bureau of Municipal Research, which for four years has been studying the important city departments, finding out how they conducted their business and how they spent their money. For the past month the Bureau, with the co-operation of the Greater New York Taxpayers' Conference, has been holding a Budget Exhibit, which aimed to show the man in the street some concrete facts with regard to the conduct of the city's business. It aimed also to arouse him to take an active interest in budget-making, which lies at the foundation of city administration. The facts were presented in the form of diagrams showing graphically just how some things happen in the expenditure of the city's—the people's—money. Some of the diagrams were almost sensational in what they disclosed. For instance, a card headed "A Yard of Lemons" showed how the city had paid $10 for 20 Welsbach burners, duplicates of which the Bureau had purchased for $5.20; had paid $10.40 for 26 gas mantles which the Bureau had bought for $5.20; had paid $3 for a gas fixture whose market price was 45 cents. Another card showed that it cost in 1907 to keep the City Hall "clean" $19,707.25, while a cleaning company had offered to do it as well as it is done now for $1,800 a year, and to keep it "really clean" for $3,600. Another placard showed that at a certain city store-yard, where there had been no inventory for ten years, there was a stock shortage of $700 in one article, a stock surplus of some articles, and that stock worth $3,000 had been in the yard unused for five years since its purchase. These diagrams illustrate waste and extravagance in the buying of supplies, in the paying of wages for work poorly and incompetently done, and in slovenly methods of management. Other cards show how the city loses income which it ought to have from the letting of news-stand and other privileges on city property, and present in simple and clear form many other facts in regard to the management of the city's business which the taxpayers ought to know. The Exhibit was open for a month, and was attended by an average of two thousand persons a day. The Outlook will publish in an early issue an article describing further with diagrams the Budget Exhibit and reporting some of the reforms which the Bureau of Municipal Research has helped to initiate.

THE CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTION

There were only three issues in the campaign which preceded the Dominion general election. These were (1) the charges of graft and the scandals that during the last two years had been fastened on the Laurier Government; (2) the protective tariff as it affects imports from the United States; and (3) the tariff preference for England that was established by the Laurier Government in 1897. On all these three questions the Laurier Government was vigorously assailed in the month of political campaigning that preceded the poll on October 26. Most stress was laid by Mr. R. L. Borden and his Conservative followers on the scandals that had been brought home to the Laurier Government. These scandals affected the disposal of public lands and fishing privi-

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leges in the Northwest Provinces; the financing of the company that undertook to build the ill-fated Quebec Bridge; the patronage system in the purchasing of Government supplies; the middleman system in purchasing land for the Intercolonial Railway and for other Government needs; and also in river and harbor dredging. No serious attempt was made by the Liberals to deny the existence of these abuses. Denial in many cases was not possible; for the charges were supported by judicial or Parliamentary records or by the reports of Royal Commissions, as in the case of the serious scandals in the Department of Marine and Fisheries. All the evidence pointed to a low level of political morality at Ottawa, and to a general acceptance by the Laurier Government of the theory, held by politicians for revenue only, that offices, contracts, and public lands were the appanage of a party, to be used for the aggrandizement of the party and the personal enrichment of its members and supporters. This is not a new theory at Ottawa. Consequently the Liberals were able to assert that political conditions at the capital had been no worse between 1896 and 1908 than they were between 1878 and 1896, when the Tories were continuously in power. This was about the only retort that was made to the scandal charges, and unfortunately in respect of many of them no other reply was possible.

THE CANADIAN TARIFF

As regards the tariff, the Liberals stood by the revision of 1906, and by the preference for England as rearranged at that revision. The Conservatives urged still higher duties against the United States. They practically associated themselves with the cry of the stove manufacturer of Hamilton who, at the Convention of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association at Toronto in September, 1907, demanded a tariff as high as Haman's gallows if it were necessary to keep manufactures from the United States out of Canada. The attitude of the Conservatives towards imports from Great Britain was that there should be no preference in Canada for these until England established a protective tariff and granted preferences for exports from the Dominion. During the twelve years that the Conservatives had been in opposition they had no policy except that of higher protective duties. During these years they were the weakest Opposition that ever occupied the benches to the left of the Speaker in the House of Commons at Ottawa. At the outset of this period they were torn by internal dissensions growing out of an intrigue at the time of the short-lived Mackenzie Bowell Government of 1896. These dissensions were not quite healed during their twelve years in opposition; and during this period Mr. R. L. Borden, now the leader of the Conservative party, was the only new recruit who added in any degree to its Parliamentary strength or to the confidence with which the Opposition was regarded in the constituencies. In view of this weakness of the Opposition, and of the traditions of scandal which still cling to it, the electors were almost compelled to ignore the shortcomings of the Laurier Government; while there is no doubt that the attitude of the Opposition towards the tariff told enormously in favor of the Liberals. This was especially the case in Prince Edward's Island, in Ontario, and in the newer Western Provinces; for the farmers and grain-growers are well organized, and all their organizations are in favor of the British preference and hostile to any increase in the duties against the United States. The few gains made by the Conservatives were chiefly in the cities, where the protectionist movement has its greatest strength. Except in Nova Scotia, where the scandals admittedly told against the Laurier Government, the Conservatives made no gains in rural Canada, and the net result of the election is that the Laurier Government will have a majority of fifty-six or fifty-seven, as compared with seventy-four, its majority in the Parliament of 1904–8.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S OXFORD AND PARIS LECTURES

President Roosevelt has accepted an invitation from the University of Oxford to deliver the Romanes Lecture there next year. This lecture was

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established in 1891, when the University accepted an offer, made by the late George James Romanes, the eminent scientist, who died in 1894, to give an annual sum of $125 for a lecture to be delivered once a year on some subject, approved by the Vice-Chancellor, relating to science, art, or literature. Mr. Roosevelt's subject has not yet been announced. The lecturer is called the Romanes Lecturer, and is appointed by the Vice-Chancellor annually in Michaelmas (autumn) term, the lecture being delivered in the following Easter or Trinity term. The first lecturer was Mr. Gladstone, and his successors have been Professors Huxley and Weismann, Mr. Holman Hunt, Bishop Creighton, Lords Morley and Acton, Sir Archibald Geikie, Professor Jebb, Dr. Murray, Mr. Bryce, Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Courtenay Ilbert, Mr. Lankester, Professor Ker, and Lord Curzon. The Romanes lecture is absolutely outside all academic courses; and the lectures, after they are delivered, are published by the University. Following this invitation to Mr. Roosevelt came a similar one from the University of Paris to deliver a lecture at the Sorbonne. This has also been accepted. The Sorbonne was founded in 1257, as a kind of hostel or refuge for poor students in theology and their teachers, by Robert de Sorbon, the friend of St. Louis, who gave, as a contribution towards the new foundation, a house near the ruins of the palace of the Roman Emperor Julian. The Sorbonne still occupies the same spot. It soon acquired a high reputation for scholarship, and its name came to be applied to the Theological Faculty itself. For centuries the Sorbonne was the chief center of instruction in Europe, being frequented by a great number of foreigners, English, Scotch, German, Italian, Dante and Petrarch being among the last named. The present magnificent buildings of the Sorbonne, part of which are due to Cardinal de Richelieu, who is buried there, are also the seat of the Faculties of Letters and Sciences in the University of Paris. The Faculties of Law and Medicine occupy separate buildings. There are about twelve thousand students in the University, and teaching is given free to all comers. In the Sorbonne is a large amphitheater suitable for important ceremonies or gatherings. The wall in front of the auditors is covered by one of Puvis de Chavannes's greatest frescoes. In this amphitheater President Roosevelt will speak. While, like his Romanes lecture, the subject has not yet been announced, the lecture will have nothing to do with the series which several Harvard professors and others have been delivering in Paris with great success during recent years. Among the most famous lecturers at the Sorbonne have been Guizot, Villemain, Cousin, Fustel de Coulanges, and Nisard.

WHAT AUSTRIA-HUNGARY HAS DONE IN BOSNIA AND HERZEGOVINA

The former westernmost provinces of Turkey, Bosnia and Herzegovina, have an area of about twenty thousand square miles, somewhat less than that of West Virginia, and a population of nearly two millions. In 1875, exasperated by Turkish extortion and persecution, the people rose in rebellion. About the same time occurred the Bulgarian atrocities, and then the Russo-Turkish War, which delivered many former Turkish provinces from the hand of the oppressor. Among them were Bosnia and Herzegovina. The Powers of Europe, by the Treaty of Berlin in 1878, handed over the two provinces to the Austro-Hungarian Government for military occupation and administration. During the thirty years which have intervened, nowhere in Europe has there been a greater proportionate increase both in population and wealth. But this is not all. The Austro-Hungarian Government, exercising its administration of the provinces by the Finance Minister, who acts for both Austria and Hungary, has demonstrated the possibility of governing alien races by justice. Lying between the Hungarian province of Croatia and the Kingdom of Servia, the population of the provinces is naturally Croato-Servian. Religiously, the Greek, or Eastern Orthodox Catholic, Church claims the largest number of adherents in the two provinces, followed closely by the Mohammedans, and then at a consider-

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able distance by the Roman Catholics. There is but a small number of Jews and Protestants. While the adult Mohammedans are not being converted to Christianity any more than in other Mohammedan countries, they are distinctly adopting many of the customs and habits of Europe. The change is specially noticeable in the lives of the Mohammedan women. Formerly it was unsafe for any woman to appear in public alone. A prime factor in the change has been the institution of justly administered courts. To their astonishment the natives saw that henceforth any real complaint would be heeded, and that justice would be awarded to any one, regardless of social position, political power, wealth, or religion.

ADMINISTRATIVE REFORMS

Most of the Bosnians and Herzegovinians keenly appreciate the advantages of the administrative, educational, social, and agricultural reforms introduced by the Austro-Hungarian Government. When the provinces were taken over, thirty years ago, schools were almost unknown. Now education is free, but not compulsory, in the nearly twelve hundred elementary schools. A chief feature of the teaching there is that of practical agriculture. This is necessary where the agricultural population numbers nearly nine-tenths of the whole, and where, despite the soil's fertility, prior to 1878 agriculture had been in a shockingly primitive stage of development. Over half the land is occupied by forests, and the timber export, expedited by the introduction of railways, is now very large. Other prominent exports are those of cattle, sheep, goats, and horses. Sheep-skins and goat-skins are sent in great quantity to England and America. The provinces are famous for their superabundance of fruit; the export of prunes is specially large. In 1878 there were no railways and but few wagon roads in the provinces. Murder was hardly considered a crime. The British Consul reported to his Government that the average number of murders reached ten thousand a year. Brigandage and robbery were every-day occurrences. Conditions have now so changed that during the past decade the homicides have averaged only six a year, and highway robbery is practically a thing of the past. Much of the change is due to the introduction of railways and educational facilities. There are now nearly eight hundred miles of railway in the provinces. As to education, besides the elementary schools there are about twenty higher schools, a dozen advanced schools for girls, industrial and technical schools in most of the large towns, several training colleges for teachers, a college for Mohammedan judges, Oriental, Orthodox, and Roman Catholic seminaries. Where in the world has there been during a period covering the past three decades a more remarkable exhibition of administrative reform?

BOSWELL IN LICHFIELD

In an article on Dr. Johnson at Lichfield two months ago The Outlook spoke of the restoration of the Johnson birthplace in the old cathedral city, and of the slouchy statue erected in memory of the great lexicographer in the square in front of the house. The celebration of the one hundred and ninety-ninth anniversary of Johnson's birth in September was unusually elaborate, and has left a permanent memorial in the old town in the form of a statue of Boswell, that extraordinary man, whose faults seem to have contributed as largely to his success as his virtues; whom most men found a bore, and many men a cad; who on many occasions tried Dr. Johnson's patience to the breaking point; but who wrote biography incomparable in its minute report and completeness of detail. With his colossal self-satisfaction he would not have been astonished in the least if he had foreseen his effigy standing not far from the Three Crowns Tavern, in the coffee-room of which Johnson regaled him with stories of Old Lichfield on a memorable visit. It is easy, however, to imagine the surprise of all Boswell's contemporaries if this intelligence had been conveyed to them; and especially of Dr. Johnson, who would perhaps have demurred at the perpetual company of Boswell on the Square in Lichfield. The statue is the gift of Mr.

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Percy Fitzgerald, the biographer of Boswell, and an eminent Johnsonian scholar. The panels of the pedestal form a kind of pictorial record of the common life of Johnson and Boswell, including the two at the Three Crowns Inn, the introduction of Boswell to the Literary Club in London, Boswell in the Hebrides, with medallions of Goldsmith, Garrick, Burke, Reynolds, and Mrs. Thrale; a goodly company, who, if their permission had been asked, would hardly have been willing to pay perpetual tribute to the fame of "Bozzy." Dr. Robertson Nicoll, who unveiled the statue, called attention to the fact that Lichfield honored Johnson and understood his greatness in his lifetime; that Johnson is one of the most permanent forces in English literature; that his fame has been greatly widened by Boswell, who did much to make the names of Goldsmith, Burke, Garrick, and others familiar with a great circle; that the famous Life is not only a biography, but is, as its title-page declares, "a view of literature and literary men in Great Britain for nearly half a century." It is really a great group of portraits; and Dr. Nicoll quoted, as the portrait of Boswell, his description of himself in 1773:

> A gentleman of ancient blood, the pride of which was his predominant passion. . . . His inclination was to be a soldier, but his father, a respectable Judge, had pressed him into the profession of the law. He had traveled a good deal, and seen many varieties of human life. He had thought more than anybody supposed, and had a pretty good stock of general learning and knowledge. He had all Dr. Johnson's principles, with some degree of relaxation. He had rather too little than too much prudence; and, his imagination being lively, he often said things of which the effect was very different from the intention.

The customary annual dinner at the Three Crowns Inn, in honor of Johnson, was one of the events of this interesting occasion—a dinner of which, if local report is to be trusted, it may be said, as Boswell himself said, "a comfortable supper and got into high spirits." All the arrangements were made in the old-fashioned style. "Ye Bill of Fayre" included dishes which would have given joy to Johnson: "Ye olde beefe steake puddynges, ye haunch of venison, and ye roast mutton," "Ye beefe of olde England and ye red wine of France," "Ye apple pye with cream mounted in ye olde style," "Ye tastie cheese, yclept ye Cheshire, and stewed before ye gridlie fire." Afterwards came "Punch, ye churchwarden pipe, and goodly fellowship." "Ye beere of old England" was drunk from massive earthenware mugs. The room was illumined, as usual, by candles in old brasses collected from the whole town.

BIBLE STUDY

The International Student Conference on Bible Study, held at Columbus, Ohio, October 22–25, under the leadership of Mr. John R. Mott, was an event of great importance. More than one thousand students were in attendance, representing between three and four hundred colleges and universities in the United States and Canada. The forenoon of each day was devoted to a general meeting, admission to which was by ticket, and at which addresses were made by leaders in the educational and religious world; the afternoons were reserved for sectional meetings, in which practical problems were studied; and the evenings of Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, with Sunday afternoon, were devoted to public meetings in the great Memorial Hall. With no sensational methods, applause even being suppressed, the interest and enthusiasm of these meetings reached a high level. Mr. Mott's address on the opening evening was a most inspiring recital of the work that is in progress among college students, not only in America and Canada, but in Europe, Asia, and Africa. The growth of interest in Bible study during the past decade has been something notable. The speeches made on this occasion by President King and Professor Bosworth, of Oberlin, President Falconer, of Toronto University, and Editor MacDonald, of the Toronto Globe, Professor Shailer Matthews, of Chicago, Robert E. Speer, of the Presbyterian Mission Board, Bishop McDowell, of the Northern Methodist Church, Professor Jenks, of Cornell, and others, were masterly discourses, profoundly impressing the great audiences that listened to them. The hero of the occasion in the popular estimation was President

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Booker T. Washington, who packed the Memorial Hall with an audience of forty-five hundred, while thousands were turned from the doors. No religious meetings have ever been held in the city of Columbus which made so deep an impression upon the life of the city. The purpose of the Conference was wholly practical. It brought together the religious leaders of the colleges to stimulate their interest and instruct their judgment in "the promotion of intelligent, systematic, and personal study of the English Bible among thinking men." This study is not intended to be speculative. The tens of thousands of college men who are studying the Bible in our colleges and universities believe that they can find in the Bible truth which will help them, as they say, to "clean up their lives" and to be stronger and more serviceable men. There is not, however, so far as this meeting indicates, any hostility to the modern view of the Bible. The only public utterances on the subject of the higher criticism were frankly sympathetic toward it; but it was assumed that the questions which it raised were not the main concern. It was a splendid body of young men who gathered in Columbus. Their seriousness and dignity deeply impressed those in whose homes they were entertained. They attended strictly to the business of the Conference, and carried away with them the cordial good will of the entire community.

THE MAKER OF A LANGUAGE

When a man gives a community a library in which to store and read books, he is rightly counted a great benefactor. What honor, then, should be paid to the man who gives to a people a written language? Last week there died a man who had done that, and more. His name, unknown beyond a limited circle, was mentioned in brief and obscure obituary notices; and yet he had done what probably no other man, at least in his time, had done. His place among scholars, as well as among men of action, may fairly be called unique. When, in 1856, Hiram Bingham, at twenty-five years of age, landed with his wife on one of the Gilbert Islands, in the Pacific, near the equator, he found the natives oily, unclad, dirty, thieving barbarians, with a disembodied language. To make them clean, clothed, and honest he put his greatest effort in supplying, not the utensils, but the motive power of Christian civilization. His gift to them was to be the Bible. First he learned the language; then, with the aid of his wife, who was an accomplished linguist, he set about the task of giving that language a body. He made a vocabulary and a grammar, and then began translating the Bible from the original Hebrew and Greek. Years and years he worked. The difficulties he encountered were enormous. Once a year they received their mail. A writer in the Congregationalist, Frances J. Dyer, in an admirable sketch of Dr. Bingham two months ago (to which we are indebted for much of what is here recorded), quotes him as remarking:

> It was pretty hard to have our first mail appropriated by the natives, who thought it was some kind of new food. As we visited their huts, we found fragments of letters, which we purchased with a fish-hook or some trifle equally dear to the savage heart, either hopelessly mutilated or lost.

In 1873 he had the New Testament finished; in 1893 he had a complete Bible in Gilbertese. Illness and accidents at times almost foiled him. Ten years were added to his labors because a careless messenger lost the manuscript of his Gilbertese dictionary. Besides the Bible and the dictionary, there have come from his pen a grammar, a hymn-book, and several commentaries in the written language which he literally created. No wonder the late Professor Thayer, of Harvard, once said: "If you want to see a man who has *done* something—something which is really worth doing—look at that man Bingham;" and Professor Edward C. Moore, of Harvard, recently added his tribute: "When I think of what he has done during these fifty years in the Gilbert Islands, anything that the rest of us do appears too small to mention." Yale University honored itself by bestowing on him, one of its own sons, the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. He made no great stir in the world of affairs, and when he died, at the age of seventy-seven, few Americans

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knew of his passing; yet among men of achievement this American (who, like that other great American, General Armstrong, was a son of Congregational missionaries in Hawaii) belongs in a high place.

AN ARTIST'S WORK

Mr. John La Farge, the eminent artist, in a very entertaining letter to the New York Tribune, evidently written in excellent spirits, protests against the addition of four years to his age, in which some newspapers have recently been indulging, and also against the liberty they have taken in subjecting him to an imaginary surgical operation. These reports, which are representative of a good deal of the news printed in the columns of the daily journals, have afforded him some amusement, and have elicited many expressions of friendly anxiety. They have brought him inquiries and letters from many quarters, and also a visit from his doctor, whom he had not seen for some time. Of course the reporter appeared on the scene, and was rewarded by some comment on American art in Mr. La Farge's eminently suggestive manner. Mr. La Farge frankly concedes that he has been more or less an ill man since 1867. This is an interesting fact, because his career is a remarkable illustration of what genius, patience, and industry can do with limited physical strength. The artist regards what would have been limitation for many men as "an enormous incentive for struggle." He is of opinion that Lord Byron's lame foot was part of his equipment as an English poet; and he reminds us that Whistler and Delacroix, two of the greatest modern painters, were often ill. In spite of a certain degree of lameness as the result of his illness, Mr. La Farge has always walked or been in the saddle. Thirty-odd years ago, when doing mural work in Trinity Church, he remembers that he was swung on a narrow board, sixty feet above the floor, with one arm passed around a rope and holding his palette, and the other passed around the other rope, using the brush. At the end, when it was necessary to finish the last figure, he painted twenty-one out of the twenty-four hours. He also reminds us that the great French painters of the '50's and '60's painted far on into the '70's and the '80's; that most of the greatest works of Titian were done after his seventy-fifth year. Hokusai, the Japanese artist about whom Mr. La Farge has written so charmingly, said in his seventy-fifth year: "Now I am beginning to know enough. Wait until I am eighty-five or ninety, and you will see; and when I am one hundred and ten, then my work shall be wonderful." After destroying many thousand preliminary drawings and designs, Mr. La Farge estimates that those which remain number between fifty and sixty thousand. It is a wonderful story of work by the foremost American painter; and it is fortunate that the imaginary surgical operation has called forth from Mr. La Farge, not a denial of illness, but a modest report of what he has done in spite of physical disabilities.

A GREAT ACTOR AND HIS LITTLE BOY

The articles on Richard Mansfield by Mr. Paul Wilstach, now in course of publication in Scribner's Magazine, have throughout abounded in human interest and personal quality. But most delightful of all have been the letters between the great actor and his little boy, included in the article for the current month. The little fellow evidently had an unusually vivid imagination, and the father took delight in developing his boy's fantastic conceptions and in entering into his play world with sympathy and an apparent seriousness which covered humor of a really original vein. When Mr. Mansfield was traveling far away on his theatrical tours he was never too tired to continue this play through letters, and they make the most entertaining reading imaginable. The best of these are too long for quotation here, but we especially recommend our readers not to overlook that about Santa Claus—a most whimsical piece of story-telling. And we venture to quote an incident illustrating the quick give-and-take of imagination between father and son:

"Gibbs," said his father, out walking one day, "why are you sliding your feet?"

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"I'm a steam-engine," replied the little fellow.

"Then you need coal," and his father shoveled imaginary coal into the boy's pockets with an imaginary shovel until they were make believe full.

The engine went full steam ahead, but soon Mansfield came upon him at a dead standstill. "What's this, something broken?"

With perfect seriousness: "Yes, sir."

After a careful examination of fingers, neck, and elbows: "Of course; this engine needs oiling." Forthwith his cane became a long-spouted oil-can and poked all over the engine, which directly flew off at lightning speed, as, of course, any well-lubricated engine would. Next day this conversation would take place:

"Good-morning, Gibbs."

"Good-morning, sir."

"What are you this morning?"

"I'm a sea captain and my boat has two million head of cattle in the hold, which my million of sailors"—after an earnest pause—"no, I'm a green grocer this morning, father."

"Oh, well, in that case I want to complain of the cabbages and artichokes which your man sent me yesterday."

"The one with the red hair?"

"Yes, sir. I think he nibbled the cabbages and I'm sure he choked the artichokes."

After a concentrated moment to grasp this subtlety: "I'm glad you spoke about it. I felt he was a bad man. I've discharged him already. You know I want to keep your patronage, Mr. Mansfield. You're the best customer we have."

"In that case send me a bushel of turnips and a few of your nicest grapefruit."

"New ones in this morning." Hands imaginary fruit.

Making pretense of examining imaginary grapefruit: "Much better than the last. Two, if you please. How much?"

"Two hundred and fifty dollars."

Without so much as a glimmer of a smile, he passes out make-believe payment. "There you are."

"Thank you. Here's your change." Thus make-believe entertained them for hours.

Mr. Webster comments: "So youthful was the father in his disclosure of himself to the boy, and so profound was the assumption of the youngster, that Mansfield sometimes seemed to present the younger heart of the two. So happily did their imaginations compliment each other that they indulged in extravagant vagaries by the hour without need to explain." If there have been any who have thought of Mr. Mansfield as merely an unapproachable, rather irritable actor and manager, they should read this article to learn how sweet and tender his nature really was.

THE ELECTION INTERPRETED

In 1856 the Republican party was born. It inherited from the Whig party faith in a strong government; from the Democratic party faith in the people. Its first great battle was for both principles—the preservation of a strong government, the emancipation of the slave. But its long-continued success involved it in the perils which always beset strong governments. Strong men sought to use it for personal ends. It was in danger of becoming a party of special privileges. Mr. Roosevelt called it back to its original democratic faith. By so doing he incurred the bitter hostility of the advocates of the special interests both within and without the party, reinforced by allied interests that dreaded business disturbance. His election in 1904 was the answer of both party and country to his call. The nomination of Mr. Taft was the victory of democracy within the party. The election of Mr. Taft is the victory of democracy in the country.

Let us restate the issue.

Primarily it was between three men, Debs, Bryan, Taft. Mr. Debs, the agitator, a man who feels the wrongs of his class but can formulate no plan to cure them; Mr. Bryan, the popular orator, too fragmentary in his thinking to be called a statesman; Mr. Taft, the administrator, more interested in the maintenance of justice than in plans for the reconstruction of society. The American people have listened with curiosity to the agitator and with applause to the orator, but they have elected the administrator.

Behind the personalities they have detected conflicting principles. Each of the three parties that have contested this election agree that there is danger in great aggregations of private wealth. But what to do, they do not agree.

Socialism says: Abolish individual ownership of capital and individual control of industry; substitute collective ownership of capital and collective control of industry.

Bryanism says: Discourage great aggregations of wealth and restore competition.

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Republicanism says: Encourage aggregations of wealth; encourage organizations of labor; make both efficient; and bring both under the control of government.

The motto of the first two is decentralization of wealth; the motto of the third is centralization of wealth under a centralized government.

Are private wealth and democracy consistent? Socialism says No. Are aggregations of wealth and democracy consistent? Bryanism says No. To both questions Republicanism says Yes. It affirms the essential harmony between democracy and private wealth. It believes in the democracy of wealth and in its synonym, Industrial democracy. So do the American people.

Four elements have contributed to win at this time this verdict from the American people:

I. Mr. Roosevelt has defined the issue as it had never before been defined by any American statesman. He has pointed out the first steps to be taken toward the democratization of wealth. All his policies are parts of one coherent policy. Government control of the Nation's highways, Government improvement of the National waterways, Government preservation of the National resources, Government protection of all employees in the National service, whether under Government or private administration, Government protection of the workingmen from threatened despotism of unregulated capital, Government protection especially of women and children employees, Government fostering of agricultural industry, agricultural education, and the agriculturist's home and social life, Government protection of the wards of the Nation, whether Indians at home or dependent races abroad, a Government centralized enough to accomplish these ends at home and strong enough to protect all American interests abroad—these all form one harmonious and indivisible whole. They are no dream, no unrealizable vision. They are clear, definite, practicable, at least practicable to try.

II. The men who have represented this policy have won the confidence of the American people. Mr. Hughes's demand that the Legislature carry out the expressed will of the people despite the gamblers and their allies; Mr. Taft's devotion to the Filipinos, his eminently just and honorable solution of the difficult friar land problem, and his frank affirmation of the duties and the rights of labor, have won for both men a confidence and esteem which sneers at Mr. Hughes as "Charles the Baptist," and sectarian attacks upon Mr. Taft, now as a Unitarian, now as an ally of the Roman Catholic Church, have only intensified.

III. The frank discussion of the so-called labor question before so-called labor audiences. The last man in America to want special favors is the workingman. The last men to respond to special appeals are the really industrious classes. That Mr. Taft has carried Greater New York, that he has an exceptionally heavy vote in other great labor centers, all confirm the truth of this statement.

IV. The real ineffectiveness of Mr. Bryan's supposedly effective campaign. Mr. Bryan has made votes for his opponent. The charge that Mr. Roosevelt's policies brought on a panic fell on deaf ears; the question which interested the voter was, Who would bring in good times? The cry of anti-imperialism found no response outside of Massachusetts, hardly a response even there. The attempt to unite the labor vote on the anti-injunction platform was a total failure, not merely because the plank was wrong, but because the workingman resented the attempt to induce him to vote for the interests of a class and not for those of the whole country. And the reiterated demand for pre-election publicity of campaign contributions and government guarantee of bank deposits furnished no National issue, because both combined furnished no remedy for industrial evils nor any assurance of National well-being.

The campaign was confusing; but the people were not confused. The election registers the determination of the Nation to move forward, one step at a time, on the road to Industrial Democracy.

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IS THE CONGO QUESTION SETTLED?

In Central Africa, with an outlet on the western coast, is a country known commonly as the Congo Free State. Contiguous to it are territories under English, French, German, and Portuguese control. The Congo Free State itself, with a native population of thirty millions, is under the sovereignty of Leopold II, King of the Belgians. Under his rule the grossest abuses have been practiced. The whole region, including the Congo Free State and much of the contiguous territory, watered by the Congo River and its tributaries, has a special status in international law, and is known, in accordance with the Act of Berlin adopted in 1884, as the Conventional Basin of the Congo.

Why should any one, especially any American, take any further interest in the affairs of the Congo? Has not the Belgian Parliament acted? Has it not agreed, under certain conditions, to relieve the monarch under whose rule the notorious abuses have grown up from all responsibility for the Congo Free State? Would it not seem that the horrors which the Congolese have suffered are in a fair way to be ended?

As a matter of fact, this is just the time when Americans who are not indifferent to oppression should be more keenly alive to the Congo situation than ever before. It is true that the Belgian Parliament has voted to accept a treaty annexing the Congo State to Belgium, but annexation is not yet an accomplished fact, for Leopold II, King of the Belgians, who is now Sovereign of the Congo State, has not yet accepted the terms of that treaty. Moreover, even if that treaty should at once go into force, it would not bring to an end, or even give assurance of an end, to the Congo horrors.

That is why the International Congo League has now been formed. The full name of the organization is the International League for the Defense of the Natives in the Conventional Basin of the Congo. Its honorary President is the renowned Norwegian writer and humanist, Björnstjerne Björnson. Of the American branch, Dr. G. Stanley Hall, head of Clark University, is President. There is also a Swiss branch, of which René Claparède is President, and a French branch, of which the honorary President is Anatole France. Other branches will be formed in other countries. Among the members of the *comité de patronage* are Henryk Sienkiewicz and Mark Twain, besides university professors in Europe and a number of members of the Belgian Parliament. In the list of officers there are representatives of eight nationalities. The central office of the International League is 278 Boulevard Raspail, Paris, France. The Corresponding Secretary for the United States is John Daniels, 723 Tremont Temple, Boston, Massachusetts. The object of the League, as declared in its constitution, is "To ameliorate the conditions of the natives in the Conventional Basin of the Congo, and to re-establish the liberty of commerce which is essential to their moral and material uplifting;" and, in order to attain its object, it proposes to "inform public opinion" regarding the situation of those natives, and to raise before the various Governments the question of "compelling respect for the Act of Berlin" which established the Congo Free State. Institutions, associations, and periodicals, as well as individuals, may become members of the League. The men of distinction—some of them of international fame—who are in this League are such as to give it a standing that cannot be ignored.

That such an organization as this has ample work to do is indubitable. The time has long passed when it was rational to question the existence of abuses in the Congo. The report of King Leopold's own Commission of Inquiry has rendered it unnecessary to pay any serious attention to discussions as to whether there is need for radical change in the government of the Congo natives. It is equally clear that responsibility for the rescue of those natives from cruel taskmasters rests upon the Powers, as well as upon Belgium. And it is plain that the American Government recognizes that it has a moral right, even if it has not a legal responsibility, to exercise an influence

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on behalf of liberty. The fact that the United States took a lead in recognizing the flag of King Leopold's "International Association," and participated in the Brussels Conference, gives title to American interest, if not official intervention, in Congo affairs.

International responsibility for the Congo will not be weakened even if Belgian annexation is consummated. The treaty which Belgium has accepted does not remove from the monopolistic trading companies the virtual control of nearly a half of the Congo; it does not prevent the continuance in power of those officials who have reduced the Congo natives to a state of wretchedness; it does not abolish forced labor; it does not give the natives their land. And even if it did all this, it would not affect those natives of the Congo region over whom King Leopold has no control, but who, whether under French, Portuguese, German, or English control, need the help of the strong.

The Congo question is not yet settled.

THEORY OR LIFE?

Wherever there is a child to be brought up, the question must be answered, "Shall he be taught religion from his earliest years?" The careless or unbelieving parent answers it in the negative. The devout Christian parent answers it in the affirmative. But between the two there are various grades of feeling and practice in the matter, and some parents argue, quite seriously, that children should not be taught religion until they are in their teens, and old enough to discern spiritual things for themselves to some extent.

This statement sounds conscientious; it sounds logical; and it convinces some who ought to think a little further. For if religion is a fundamental part of human life, it must be given full thought in planning out any scheme of human education.

Is religion a theory, or a life? There are countless theories that it is not necessary for a little child to know anything about. Gravitation is a cosmic theory, but a boy could do without understanding it till he was in his teens, and not suffer. The nebular hypothesis could not possibly benefit a child of six. But the alphabet does benefit him. So does the multiplication table. If he does not learn them early, he is handicapped in his education. They are materials of life. Without them the child will fail to enter into the realm of written knowledge and mathematical law. He will be crippled at the start. To wait until a boy's teens to teach them would be so absurd that no parent, no educator, would consider such a plan as practicable for a moment.

Now, if religion is life, fundamental and essential, it can no more be left out in childhood than the alphabet. There is no Christian doctrine as abstract as the arbitrary symbols A, B, and C. There is no more difficulty in learning the Ten Commandments and the Beatitudes than in the study of seven times eight. A child is bound to accept many, many things without understanding much about them. His business is to learn, and the application will follow in time. It is not to be expected that a child of seven will have definite religious convictions, any more than that he will have a definite grasp of the science of numbers. But he is laying foundations, and necessary foundations, for his whole life. True religion is more important than arithmetic, if the parent really believes in immortality. First things must be put first is a sound axiom.

The trouble with those who advocate this holding-off process for young minds is that, whether they call themselves Christians or not, religion to them is a hypothesis, and not a daily, vital fact. No one with a deep personal love for Christ ever yet hesitated a moment to teach his infant children to love the Saviour of the World. No parent whose daily prayer is actual communion with God ever failed to teach prayer to the youngest of baby lips. If religion is life, it belongs to the children. If it is only theory, it is of little use to teach it to them, whether in their teens or in their twenties. "The life of God in the soul of man" is the most fundamental heritage of the race, and it was the Great Teacher of the wisest who said, "Suffer *little* children to come unto Me."

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THE SPECTATOR

The Spectator had turned, in exploring mood, out of the busy highway into a short side street, athwart the further end of which stood a lofty structure of stone, whose moldings and escutcheons were chipped and rounded by weather, tufted with clinging herbage, and loaded with the gray-black dust of English antiquity. Old Grimes is not dead. He survives even here in sunny, rose-grown Chichester. The grimy monument was pierced by archways through which the road and sidewalks seemed to lead without interruption toward alluring spaces of sunlit grass beyond. But scarcely had the Spectator passed through the shadow of the ancient portal when out from an unnoticed door sprang a woman waving her apron furiously as though he were a vagrom hen, and crying,

"Go away! Go away!"

He went, spun on his heel, and marched straight back through the arch and well along the little street before the ridiculousness of the proceeding struck him.

"That woman knows her mind," he reflected as he slowed down; "but so do I. There is a glorious cedar behind that old barbican, or whatever it is, and my kodak is just hungry for it."

Standing here, halted in the road, one faced a cluster of houses whose red roofs and gay awnings above a jungle of flowers and shrubbery embanked with rich color the cathedral, whose spire rose slenderly into a sky of purest blue and white. Now the rear of the church and the flank of the great arch were in line and connected by a high battlemented wall behind the houses. It was on the other side of this wall that eager eyes had just glimpsed the noble cedar, and beyond it a building possibly attached to the church. Then pride arose. Must a free-born American be shooed off the grass by a British female—and *stay* shooed? Not at all!

Thus fired, the Spectator boldly marched back and courageously inquired of the woman in the gate whether these bremises were those of the bishop's palace? They were; and 'is ludship was probably at 'ome. A moment later the episcopal door-bell was rung, and the butler was given a card, with a request for permission to photograph the cedar. The favor was immediately and courteously granted, and the camera was placed, when a lovely but inopportune cloud swept its shadow across the velvet of the lawn and darkened the tree. One could only wait, then, and meanwhile might look about him. The wall behind the cedar joined at its upper end the front of the residence, there broken by four great Gothic windows. Parallel with it, forming the opposite bound of the house lawn, stood a second tall brick wall, also battlemented atop, and sweetly mottled in yellows and grays, greens and reds, where the coating had worn thin or bits of moss and lichen clung; and along the bases of both ran narrow lines of geraniums and other showy blossoms. Just then there appeared a big gardener. An instant's amazed pause, and he pounced upon the intruder, but his hackle dropped when he learned of the permission; he was further soothed by praise of his borders; and presently condescended to exhibit something special on the other side of the wall.

While the two stood there admiring a certain rose, the Spectator suddenly became aware of a tall figure in a black coat and gaiters striding down the path, and, as he turned to meet the Bishop's outstretched hand, he felt "My Lud" breathed rather than spoken in his ear, and upon that breath the big gardener seems to have expired. In an instant he was gone—where?—how? He simply vanished. And then, before the Bishop's kindly greetings were half uttered, the fickle sunlight darted through a rift in the clouds, and, flinging an "Oh, pardon me," over his shoulder, the Spectator must needs scamper around the wall to seize that photograph for which he had made ready. He tried somewhat confusedly to make amends as he returned with his camera, but the genial host laughed away apologies, and proposed a walk about the grounds, observing that he thought there might be other interesting trees. But first the

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roses must be looked at—many trained up against this warm south front of the wall, draping its roughness with an ever-varying tapestry of interlaced stems and tremulous blossoms, while others stood by themselves on trellises, or were clipped into sturdy little round-headed trees. At the end of the rose-walk the path turned and led through clipped shrubberies and beds of flowers, and beneath arch after arch of crimson ramblers. Sauntering through these bowers, the Bishop told how widely he had traveled in the United States, where, naturally, he seems to have met only with good will; and that in return he liked to make England pleasant for Americans; and his visitor forgot that he was chatting unintroduced with the Right Reverend Reginald Wilberforce, one of the foremost prelates in Great Britain.

The path ended at the foot of a line of grassy terraces, surmounted by a low, rude parapet of stone. Its summit gave a very charming view of the Cathedral spire, which appeared to rest upon an arch of red roses; and while it was photographed Dr. Wilberforce, stretched on the grass and teasing his sober Scotch terrier, explained that this was the ancient city wall, going back to mediæval days, if not further; and that for seven hundred years this triangular acre or so of land within its curve had been the garden of the master of the Cathedral. It was a great experience to stroll along the storied parapet, above which gigantic oaks and limes were mingling peaceful branches where so often the air had been dusky with flying arrows, thence a ramble through the park, stopping here and there to admire, or perhaps photograph, a far-spreading Spanish chestnut, or a queer monkey-puzzle, or a grand ilex or some other rare exotic. The Bishop took a fond pride in these trees. Back again at the cedar and the great black arch, the Spectator prepared to make his adieu; but no, he must go into the Palace and take a cup of tea in the Bishop's study—an ample and stately apartment, lit by the four Gothic windows.

Over the tea and the tenuous English sandwiches the Bishop related some of the history of the house, which was originally a part of the monastery attached to the church, and called attention to the quaint stone fireplace and chimney-piece, and especially to the ceiling. Huge oaken beams, adz-hewn and almost black, supported it, with smaller cross-beams exposed between, dividing the ceiling into panels perhaps four feet square, each formed of thin boards looking like old mahogany, and painted in decorative designs in warm reds and yellows and dull blues, with the Tudor rose everywhere conspicuous.

"That painting was done in the time of Henry the Eighth," the Bishop remarked; "and if you will come with me I will show you how they built such houses as this in those days."

So he led the way out through the great, lofty kitchen, and into an outer part open to the roof-tree, where maids were washing the episcopal linen; and from among the tubs discoursed upon the massive framework of beams, rough-hewn and wooden-pinned, which upheld the roof and seemed able to support it for a thousand years to come.

The Bishop had found the house in sad disrepair, and had enjoyed renovating and preserving it. He had been delighted to discover that a small, dusty, and battered outhouse, used as a lumber-room, was really a very ancient and long-forgotten chapel, with a piscina and other antique features precious to the archæologist, and had restored the building to its proper state and purpose with keen satisfaction.

A few moments later, saying farewell beneath the antique arch, the Bishop took from his pocketbook a minute silver coin.

"His Majesty," he said, "has been good enough to give me a few of the pennies which he coins each year for the Maunday Thursday feast. I have one left, and I would like to give it to you as a souvenir of this visit."

When the Spectator told his English friends how he had spent the afternoon, they seemed to regard the incident as a real adventure, and an amusing one. "It was so American, you know!"

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THE PRESIDENT-ELECT

DRAWN FOR THE OUTLOOK
BY WILLIAM OBERHARDT

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MR. ROOSEVELT AT FIFTY

From the Chicago Daily Tribune of October 27

TO-DAY, as the Nation is about to choose his successor, while his epoch-making administration of the Presidential office draws towards its close, Theodore Roosevelt completes a half-century.

To many millions of his countrymen who place their trust in his strong leadership, the day brings not so much thought of Mr. Roosevelt's past, honorable and remarkable as that has been, as thought of the future. Mr. Roosevelt is still a young man, in the full flush of his great powers and in the unimpaired possession of a personal influence wider, positively, than that of any of his predecessors, and wider, relatively, than any save, possibly, that of Washington and of Jefferson. Neither party, nor section, nor race, nor class has divided it. Mr. Roosevelt, therefore, faces a future rich in its promise of service and achievement. The question has been asked of late, "What shall we do with our ex-Presidents?" Mr. Roosevelt will have no difficulty in answering that question as to one. Many careers are open to him, but, whatever his choice, he will continue to be a dynamic factor, an immensely powerful force, in our public life.

Mr. Roosevelt's singular power has been founded upon his recognition of the main ethical issue of his generation in America. His power has been moral power, and he himself has well understood the significance of the hold he has upon the people as an annunciator and mighty champion of the vital simple truths we had allowed to become inert platitudes. In closing his special message to Congress of January 31, the most remarkable of the series of remarkable utterances during his Presidency, Mr. Roosevelt expressed not only his own conviction but the almost unanimous moral sense of the Nation when he said:

On behalf of all our people, on behalf no less of the honest man of means than of the honest man who earns each day's livelihood by that day's sweat of his brow, it is necessary to insist upon honesty in business and politics alike, in all walks of life, in big things and in little things; upon just and fair dealing as between man and man. . . . In the work we of this generation are in there is, thanks be to the Almighty, no danger of bloodshed and no use for the sword; but there is grave need of those stern qualities shown alike by the men of the North and the men of the South in the dark days when each valiantly battled for the light as it was given each to see the light. This spirit should be our spirit, as we strive to bring nearer the day when greed and trickery and cunning shall be trampled under feet by those who fight for the righteousness that exalteth a nation.

The spirit of the Presidency of Theodore Roosevelt and of that large office he has filled as a moral leader could not be expressed better than in these words, which offer as well an earnest of that effective work that, Providence willing, he is yet to do in the National life.

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MR. ROOSEVELT AT FIFTY

A MEDALLION PORTRAIT MODELED AT OYSTER BAY BY VICTOR D. BRENNER FOR THE PANAMA CANAL MEDAL, NOW REPRODUCED FOR THE FIRST TIME

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WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY?[1]

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

FIRST PAPER

THE CHRISTIANITY OF JESUS CHRIST

"IT seems," says Saint-Gaudens in a recently published letter,[2] "as if we were all in one open boat on the ocean, abandoned and drifting no one knows where;" and he adds the very sensible prescription, "While doing all we can to get somewhere, it is better to be cheerful than to be melancholy; the latter does not help the situation, and the former cheers up one's comrades." Excellent counsel. But if, in addition, any one can give us any light on the questions, What are we here for? and What can we do to make life more worth the living? surely we shall be glad to give him a hearing. There are a great many intelligent men and women who think that they have gotten such light from the life and teachings of Jesus of Nazareth. All that we know of him and his teaching is contained in four little booklets which, bound together, are comprised in less than 140 pages of my pocket Bible. It ought not to be impossible to tell in three or four pages of The Outlook what are the essential elements in the teaching there reported and the spirit there manifested. This is what I want to do in this article.

Let us, then, suppose that in our inquiry as to what the great religious teachers of the world have to say on the question what we can do to make this world a better and a happier one, we have come upon these four booklets; have inquired as to their date and authorship; have learned that they were written at the close of the first century or the beginning of the second; that the man whose life they describe lived in the first part of the first century—nearly nineteen centuries ago; that he was a Jew, and lived and taught in Palestine, a Jewish province of ancient Rome; and that he is regarded by all who call themselves Christians as the founder of their religion. With this somewhat scanty but still sufficient information for our immediate needs, we begin to study the biographical memorabilia to find out what were the principles which Jesus inculcated and what was the spirit which animated him. We should be able, if we studied them without the helps—or hindrances—of modern commentators, to summarize the teachings contained there somewhat as follows:

All men are seeking happiness; but they do not understand the secret of happiness. It does not depend on our conditions or our possessions, but on our character; not on what we have or where we are, but on what we are. The way to enjoy the world is not, Get all you can and keep all you get, but, Give good measure, pressed down and running over, for with what measure you mete men will measure to you again. The way to enjoy the world is to give yourselves unselfishly to the service of your fellow-men, and take as a free inheritance what life brings to you; it is the meek who inherit the earth. The way to win enduring honor is not by fighting for it; it is the peace-makers whom future generations will call the children of God. The way to a knowledge of God is not a study of theology, but simplicity of purpose and cleanness of imagination; by purity of heart we come to know God.

So, also, the way to please God is not by sacrificing oxen and doves to him in the Temple, but by sacrificing your own inclinations that you may better serve his children in their need. The heretic who goes after the robbed and wounded traveler is more religious than the priest or the Levite who hurries by to the Temple service. In the last great day God will not ask, What church did you attend? or, What creed did you subscribe to? but, Did you feed the hungry and

[1] See letter of H. W. B. on page 553.
[2] McClure's Magazine, October, 1908, p. 615.

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visit the sick and the imprisoned? Service is the end of life and the test of character, and he that is ambitious to be great, let him be the servant of all.

This is the way to be acceptable to God; this also is the way to be God-like, for this is the spirit of your heavenly Father. He is not to be dreaded, to be looked at from afar in awe. He is a righteous God, but he has the kind of righteousness which overflows in ceaseless, patient effort to make his children righteous. You might learn this, if you would, from nature. For his rain falls on the just and on the unjust alike. You have heard him called King. True! He is the kind of king who, when his subjects are in revolt against him, sends first his servants and at last his son to persuade them back to their loyalty again. You have heard him called a shepherd. True! He is the kind of shepherd who leaves the ninety-nine in the fold and goes himself to bring back the one foolish sheep who has wandered off into the wilderness. You have heard him called Father. True! He is this kind of father. When his son anticipates his father's death, and demands beforehand his share of the estate, that he may go off and spend it in folly and vice, and finally, driven by hunger, comes back to seek a job as a servant on the estate, this father instantly recognizes him, and goes out to meet him, and welcomes him to his home without offering reproaches or demanding explanations. You have heard that by your sins you have alienated your Father's affections, and can win them back only by fastings and sacrifices. It is true that you have sinned; but it is not true that you have alienated your Father's affections, or that you need to fast or to sacrifice in order to win them back. They are too deep and strong and spontaneous to be alienated by anything you can do. You need not fast; you need not offer sacrifice. If you want help to live a clean, sweet, serviceable life, be sure he wants still more to give you the help. He does not wait till you have achieved your own emancipation. He accepts aspiration for achievement. When two men go up to the Temple to pray, and one says, I am a moral man, and attend all church services regularly, and contribute all that can be expected of me, thank God; and the other can only say, God be merciful to me a sinner; the latter comes nearer to God than the former. For the greater our need, the greater the Father's desire to help us. Nothing can alienate us from him except self-conceit, and that only because he cannot help us though he would, unless we feel in need of his help and are ready to accept it.

So far the teaching of Jesus Christ is quite plain. We have not gone below the surface. But if we read these Gospels at all carefully, we have observed a frequent repetition of the phrase Kingdom of God or Kingdom of Heaven. We wonder what this means. We wish to know what Christ's hearers would have understood him to mean by it. To ascertain the answer to that question we look into the religious literature of the Hebrews, which is fortunately close at hand in a convenient form. We find that whereas most nations looked back for their golden age, these people looked forward for theirs. Their prophets foretold a time coming when there should be no more wars, when the implements of warfare would be reforged into agricultural tools, when governments would no longer be despotic, for men would be self-governing, when education would be universal, when property would be so equably distributed that every man would own a share in the earth's surface and sit under his own vine and fig tree. This new social order was the Kingdom of God, or the Kingdom of Heaven.

This Kingdom was the subject of most of Christ's discourses. In his first sermon he referred to one of the ancient predictions of this good time coming, and told his hearers that he had come to bring it upon the earth, but aroused their vehement anger by assuring them that all nations would share in it equally; not the Jews only. In his next sermon he described the nature of that Kingdom and how it was to be brought about, not by political changes—substituting Jerusalem for Rome as the world's metropolis and the Jews for the Romans as the world power—but by personal righteousness, by brotherly tenderness and mutual helpfulness, by faith in God

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and faith in one's fellows. In subsequent sermons he explained that this Kingdom of God would not be let down upon the earth out of heaven suddenly, but would grow up on the earth, slowly and silently, like a plant from a seed; that evil influences to hinder and thwart it would grow up also; that it would not be miraculously given by God, but painstakingly earned by men; that it would be like a treasure which a man found and for which he gave all that he had; that it would cost, to those who achieved it, hostility, obloquy, persecutions, life itself; but that it would at last be triumphantly and permanently established.

If we believe that the life of Jesus ended with his martyrdom, we may perhaps believe that he was infatuated by his own too sanguine hopes, that the Kingdom of God was but the dream of an impracticable visionary. So, evidently, his disciples at first thought. But as the story of his resurrection spread among them, as gradually their skepticism was overcome, and they came to believe that he had arisen from the dead and was still a living force in the world because a living personality, their faith that he was the Messiah, the Saviour of the world, the bringer in of the new social order, the Coming One, was reborn, and in that faith they went forth on their mission, which was to complete under his leadership the work which he had begun.

I cannot here go on to consider what the Apostles did, inspired by this faith. For this article assumes that we know nothing as yet of the organization and work of the primitive Church, nothing of the subsequent history of Christianity, that we only know the story of the life and teachings of Jesus of Nazareth and so much of the older Hebrew literature as enables us to understand those teachings as his immediate hearers would have understood them. And those teachings may all be summed up in the one word Helpfulness. Or, to interpret it a little more fully, in three articles of faith.

We can do something, and we will do all that we can, to make this world a better and a happier world and life more worth living. We will do this in our home, our village, our nation. We will do this in business, in society, in politics, in church. We will do it in the way in which we get our money and in the way in which we spend our money. This shall be our mission in life.

In making this our mission in life we will look to the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth to learn what are the laws of life, and to his character for the model or type of noble living, and to him for the inspiration to life, the inspiration to hope for ourselves and for the world, for faith in ourselves and in God.

And this faith in God means to us that he is the universal Helper. That the same Spirit which was in Jesus is still in the world, and, if we desire it, is in us, to help us live truly, nobly, generously, divinely; to help us to help others with the help which we have received from God our Father, and from Jesus Christ our Leader.

For to be a learner or disciple of Christ is to learn from him the laws of life; to be a believer in Christ is to believe in him as the inspirer of life; to be a follower of Christ is to join with him in fulfilling his mission as he himself defined it:

The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to carry glad-tidings to the poor, he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to proclaim deliverance to the captives and recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty those that are oppressed, to proclaim the welcome year of the Lord.

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TURKEY UNDER THE NEW RÉGIME

BY C. FRANK GATES

PRESIDENT OF ROBERT COLLEGE, CONSTANTINOPLE

I DOUBT if the world understands at all adequately what a change has taken place in Turkey. Within the course of a few weeks it has passed from being the most absolute despotism to being one of the freest countries in the world, and the people have given themselves up to enjoying their newly acquired liberty to the utmost.

Newspapers have been greatly multiplied. It is stated that over two hundred new papers have appeared here. I have no means of verifying the statement, but I seldom go to town without seeing a new paper. And the people on the steamers often have each three or four newspapers and magazines, which they read with great interest. Among these are several papers which abound in cartoons, and they show a keen sense of humor and great skill in hitting off the political situation. A cartoon in The Kalem the other day represented a little boy asking his father, "Who is that old gentleman carrying a flag inscribed with the word Liberty?" The father replied, "That is a Young Turk." Another cartoon represented the Constitution as a child gleefully balanced upon the point of a bayonet, and the musket itself poised on the head of a soldier. It is delightful to see the eagerness with which the people seize upon these newspapers, which have so long been denied to them. And the papers often contain well-written, thoughtful articles which go to form public opinion.

Another activity of the public mind finds expression in a series of public gatherings in which music, theatricals, gymnastic exercises, and the like are followed by addresses on political subjects. Sebaheddin, the son of the late brother-in-law of the Sultan, has been addressing a series of such meetings and expounding his political views.

Another new thing is the appearance of the members of the royal family in public. The Sultan himself has not yet ventured outside of the Palace grounds, but his sons have appeared at the Moda Regatta and other public gatherings, and the heir to the throne, Prince Rechad, has shown himself in public repeatedly.

Incoming travelers are no longer vexed with useless restrictions. A Young Turk entering the country was reproved by the Custom-House official for offering to open his trunk for inspection, and the censorship of the Custom-House has been abolished.

In the interior the tribal chiefs who have for many years levied their taxes upon villages, taken toll from caravans, and terrorized the people have been subdued, for the most part. One of them is now being pursued by the troops. There is disorder in the government of the provinces, but there is a manifest determination on the part of the Government to have order and good government. It shows an energy which promises well.

One of the most striking features of this movement to those who have lived long in the country is the moderation shown by the Young Turks. The régime which has been overthrown was oppressive in the extreme, and all the people had suffered terribly from it. The Turks have often said, "We suffer more than the Christians." Many have predicted a day of terrible retribution, when the old régime should fall into the hands of its victims. But there have been no reprisals. Officers of the army were killed in order to gain control of the army, a few spies fell into the hands of the people and were killed, the notorious Fehim Pasha was torn to pieces by the mob at Broussa, but most of the rascals have been held for regular trial, and the leaders of the new movement have firmly insisted that it is no time for vengeance or for the gratification of personal animosities; only one consideration can be admitted, and that is the good of the country. Their eyes are upon the future, not upon the past. This is wonderful.

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If one could have expected a reign of terror anywhere, here was the place to expect it, but it has not come.

The Young Turks have shown a practical wisdom in dealing with the various parties and in solving the questions which have arisen which commands the admiration of all. A friend who is very well acquainted with the leaders in this movement said the other day, "The most wonderful thing of all is the committees." Properly speaking, there are no committees and no tangible organization. There are men who stand behind the present Government and practically guide and control it, but they are content to be unknown and to work in silence. They say, "It is the work of God," "Do not congratulate us: thank God."

The difficulties which these men have to face are enormous. There is the difficulty of financing the Government, which is aggravated by the fact that some of the provinces have understood liberty as meaning freedom from taxes. Then there is the difficulty of forming a programme for the new régime. There have been two parties among the Young Turks, the Committee of Union and Progress, and the Party of Decentralization headed by Sebaheddin. As I said above, Sebaheddin has been explaining his programme to popular audiences. His plan is to have local assemblies in the provinces, to which shall be relegated many of the functions which have been centralized in Constantinople under the old régime. There is nothing new in this proposition. Such assemblies now exist, although they have been robbed of their power. But Sebaheddin has been understood by Christians to favor such a method of representation as will make these assemblies wholly Christian in districts where the Christians are in the majority. Many Christians have hailed his proposals as a step leading towards autonomy for certain regions. Of late, however, Sebaheddin has announced that the two parties have united, and the Young Turks are agreed upon the plan to be followed. It is essentially this: that representation in the provincial assemblies shall be according to the numerical proportions of the different races in these provinces. This means that in Macedonia the Turks will be in the minority, in Asia Minor the Christians will be in the minority, in the provincial assemblies.

Another difficulty is the educational question. Strange as it may seem, one of the first questions to push its way to the front was that of the education of women. Women have taken a large part in the work of the Young Turks, by which they prepared the people and the army for this revolution, and they have kept the secret well. Now the women are demanding their share in the progress which all the people expect. They say that their husbands have hitherto denied them the right to education and to labor. They claim for themselves all that they see of good in the homes of European peoples. They ask to be educated so that they can train their children aright and make the homes of their husbands well ordered and happy, and they demand admission into useful employments for women as in other lands. Naturally, these claims throw consternation into the ranks of the old-time Turks, and they have produced reaction in some places, notably in Smyrna. Sebaheddin told the Mohammedan women who were present at one of his public conferences that their claims were right and just, and not contrary to the spirit and teachings of Islam, but he exhorted them to be quiet and patient—they would obtain satisfaction in time.

Another educational question is that of language. The Turks would make Turkish the language of instruction, at least in the higher schools, as it is the language of the land and of the Government. The Christian communities, however, are very tenacious of their mother tongues. Probably the Turks will allow all these languages to be taught, but they will require such a knowledge of Turkish for holding offices as will put a premium upon the schools where Turkish is best taught.

The Young Turks will undoubtedly put forth every effort to establish schools of their own which shall be the equal of any schools in the land, and it has already become apparent that there are more well-educated men in the country

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prepared to teach such schools than was supposed. Under the old régime knowledge was dangerous, and men hid it. Now it is coming to light. Some of the Young Turks advocate the sending of such men abroad to study the educational systems of other countries. A high official said the other day that they should look to America for help in organizing their educational system, and he especially praised the American schools of agriculture, which he said "would be very useful to us."

There is another difficulty which the Young Turks have themselves created. There is now an abnormal state of things. Behind the Government is another government, invisible but powerful. This invisible government hinders the actual Government in the exercise of its functions. Sometimes it does this by direct interference, sometimes it is only the fear that the Committee may interfere which hinders the officials in charge; but official work is impeded; business also has suffered. Yesterday a man said, "We cry liberty, but we feel poverty. Liberty and poverty!" The Committee of Union and Progress are aware of this difficulty, and they are urging the officials to go ahead and discharge their functions without any fear of interference, and they are striving to do everything through the actual Government so far as possible. But there will be a state of tension until the National Assembly has met and put things in their normal course.

There are many problems connected with the election of this Assembly, but they cannot be treated in this article. We shall watch the acts of this Assembly with intense interest.

Enough has been said to show that the situation in Turkey is a very difficult one, and I hope that I have also made it apparent that there are men here working with great wisdom and splendid self-abnegation for the best interests of their own land. It is a spectacle which ought to shame self-seeking and partisan politics out of sight. Unfortunately, these, too, are in evidence, and the Christian communities afford the most striking examples.

There is a different question brought to the front by these changes, and that is the question whether Islam can accord the rights demanded without being unfaithful to its own religious constitution. Can Islam, for example, satisfy the claims of its own women, in accordance with the teachings of the Koran? It is a question often debated whether women have souls. Much evidence can be found from Mohammedan writers to show that they understood the Prophet to teach that women do not have souls.

Can Islam accord equality of privilege to Giaours? Historically it is quite evident that it has not done so. Now the question has arisen, Is it right for her to do so, according to her own religious laws? I do not intend to express any opinion upon either of these points, but I wish to point out that the claims which have been made already by various writers that the constitution of Islam is even more liberal than the Young Turk party afford a strong evidence that Modernism has found its way into Islam as well as into the Papacy. These claims are rather an evidence that the spirit of the times has influenced the thinking of modern Mohammedans than that Mohammed taught these principles. Liberty, justice, equality, fraternity, are splendid words, but it is open to doubt whether the Koran inculcates these great principles in the treatment of women or of subject races of Christians. It is a question of interpretation, and we ought to apply scientific principles in interpreting the Koran. Whatever answer Mohammedan scholars may finally give to this question, I do not believe that there will be any arrest of the march of the great ideas just named. It must be clearly evident to all that men are moving towards the light of truth in all lands, and when we look towards the sun we forget the night.

Constantinople.

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EVERY-DAY PATRIOTISM[1]

BY WILLIAM H. BURNHAM

PROFESSOR OF PEDAGOGY, CLARK UNIVERSITY

ONE of the earliest memories of my boyhood is that of marching with a wooden sword behind a band of soldiers who were drilling on a New England common. They had, as I recall, no uniforms, no drums or martial music, but they could march and drill. I admired their regular movements. I learned their tactics. I shared their ambitions. On week-days I marched with the soldiers. On the Sabbath I went to church and listened to words beyond my years, as when the village pastor preached his thrilling sermon from the text, "And he that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one." Thus my boy's heart was fired with a certain zeal for war.

By and by the soldiers marched away to Concord and to the South, and I was left behind—to defend the common with my wooden sword. I missed the glittering guns and swords and the zest of the march and the drill; but my imagination easily filled the gap with make-believe soldiers and perhaps larger companies and more glittering guns and bayonets. This child's play represents the romance of war. But the soldiers who marched away found little romance at Bull Run and Antietam and Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. My oldest brother was one of those who enlisted and went to the South. After a time letters began to come telling of camp life and hardships and illness and homesick soldiers. One letter impressed my boyish imagination so much that I remember it to-day. He wrote that in New Hampshire he had driven his thirsty horse by pools of water that he thought too dirty for him to drink, where now he would be glad to quench his own thirst. There was little romance in the swamps around Port Hudson. After a time one of the soldiers, a neighbor's son, came back. I remember his looks. He was haggard, sallow, emaciated. There was little romance in Libby Prison or Andersonville.

It was not, however, until many years later that I learned what war, and especially civil war, really means. As a young man I had gone to Ohio to teach. It so happened that I and another Northern man boarded with a Southern family. My roommate, too, was a Southern man. We formed a little family group living in peace and happiness. If we had been born a few years earlier, we should have been divided one against the other, and trying our best, perhaps, to mutilate and kill each other. That, as we all know, was what did happen in our Civil War. Men sometimes fought their own relatives and neighbors. And if not literally that, they fought their own brothers of the same race and blood. With such experiences, is it any wonder that General Sherman said that "war is hell"?

A great many people, as it seems, know as little about the real meaning of Memorial Day as I knew about civil war when I drilled on the common with my wooden sword. Can we not determine, in part at least, the real significance of these exercises? It is a simple matter; and from its very simplicity we may neglect it.

If, perchance, a visitor from a foreign country were here to-day, he might ask with some surprise why we are gathered from all parts of the town and why these formal exercises. It might impress him as somewhat remarkable that this one day of all the year should bring the people together and should be formally celebrated by the whole town—a thing which occurs at no other time, not even on the Fourth of July or at Christmas. And our visitor would be the more surprised when told that similar memorial exercises are held in all parts of this great country. You would answer such a one by saying: "We honor the memory of these veterans, of whom a few are left, because many years ago they left their homes and endured hardship and

[1] An address delivered at Dunbarton, New Hampshire, Memorial Day, 1908.

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gave their services and many of them their lives to save their country." And you would answer rightly. But let us notice still more closely what this means. A country is, after all, but a very large number of individuals bound together in a group by common interests and customs and traditions, and certain formal rules and principles—that is, what we call a constitution and laws. A country is a social and political group of individuals. So what we mean when we say that these men gave their services and their lives to save the country is simply that they sacrificed their own interests for the sake of this group to which they belonged. Thus we honor these men, not merely because they were soldiers, certainly not because they were soldiers in a civil war, whose business it is to kill their brothers and neighbors, but because they sacrificed themselves for the great social group we call the country.

Many of them of course did not realize what it all meant, but there were others who enlisted with a pretty clear idea of the stern reality of the situation. The premature seriousness and prevision of some of the younger men is illustrated by the following letter written by a New England youth. "I frankly tell you," he wrote his sister, "I do most heartily wish I could stay at home; it cost me a great deal of suffering to give up my college course; but I consider the question as simply a test to my courage and manliness; I in my heart believe that the cause for which this war is undertaken is a just and politic one, that it needs a million hands to carry it on, and that every man that is free from the burden of supporting others *ought* to give up his time, the furtherance of his own plans, and if need be his life, to help in assuring the ultimate triumph of this cause." The writer was shot at Gettysburg a few months later.

And thus it is everywhere, the essence of patriotism is the sacrifice of personal interest to public welfare. If, then, the essential thing in patriotism is the giving up of the individual's own interest for the sake of the group, or the rendering of some service to the group, we see at once that this great virtue may exist anywhere, wherever individuals are bound together in social groups. The essential character of this virtue is the same whatever the size of the given group. Thus, in a broad way we may say that whenever a member of a family gives up his own personal interest for the sake of the family, that is patriotism. Or whenever a child in school gives up his own personal desires for the sake of the school, or renders some service to the school as a social group, that again is patriotism. Or if a boy in a ball game sacrifices himself for his side or his team, that is patriotism. Saluting the flag and instruction in patriotism are important; but still more important is the actual training in patriotism when a pupil gives up his own personal interest for the sake of the school. Or again, in larger groups, whenever, for example, a member of a church gives up his own personal rights and personal welfare for the sake of the church, that is patriotism. Or where the citizen of a town gives up his personal interest for the sake of the town, or even cheerfully makes the sacrifice involved in paying his taxes, and always makes the effort to vote and perform the other duties of the citizen, that again is patriotism.

And the same is true as regards the different social groups themselves. If, for example, one of the districts in this town should give up its own local welfare and sacrifice its local interests for the sake of the town, that would be patriotism; and should this town sacrifice its interest for the public welfare of the State, that would be patriotism of a still higher form; and whenever the States in our Union look beyond their own local needs, and sacrifice their sectional interests for the sake of the Federal Union, as so many of them did at the time of the Civil War, that again is patriotism of a still higher order. And, finally, in spite of the critics and the cynics, I like to believe that when this country freed Cuba and the Philippines there was present, although mingled with baser motives, the germs at least of the highest form of this virtue, a sort of cosmopolitan or world patriotism, where the individual country sacrifices its own interest and renders service for the welfare of humanity. Our great Secretary

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of State at the present time represents this world patriotism, and maintains that if fraternity is a good thing among individuals, it is likewise a good thing among nations.

The point to be emphasized in all this is that the essential character of this virtue is the same whatever the size of the social group. And thus it comes to pass that patriotism is not something afar off that concerned our fathers forty-five or fifty years ago, but a duty and a virtue which comes very close to us. So, in our thoughts at least, let us include in our memorial to-day the men and women who have so cheerfully given their services and their lives in the smaller social groups.

Now, far be it from me to come here and tell older and better men their duty. And as for the young, they are bright enough usually to see for themselves the moral contained in any tale. I am here merely to give the result of my own observation and reflection.

Human nature, we find, has its limitations, the unavoidable limitations of time and strength and interest. We are so tremendously busy that we cannot do what we would like to do. We seem to be in the dilemma of exaggerating some of our duties or of neglecting others. Thus we find that most men neglect their opportunities in regard to some of the social groups. If we take the extremes, we have two classes, as follows:

First are those who neglect their opportunities to the larger social groups. There are plenty of men and women devoted to their duties in the family, in the neighborhood, and in the church perhaps, who feel little or no sense of duty to the town in which they live, to the profession or calling of which they are members, to the State, or to the Nation. Men of such honesty and integrity that you could trust your lives with them do not hesitate to cheat "Uncle Sam" out of a postage stamp, or to evade their taxes, or to resort to fraud and graft in public office.

Thus we have business men, who are thoroughly honest, trustworthy, and upright as regards their relations with the smaller social groups, who seem devoid of conscience in their business relations. And the same is sometimes true in politics. A concrete case in point was that of McKane, the New York politician who was sent to Sing Sing Prison a few years ago. In the Long Island town where he lived McKane was highly esteemed as an upright and worthy citizen, useful in the neighborhood and, I think, in the Sunday-school, but he seemed to have no political conscience whatever, and was guilty of stuffing the ballot-boxes on a gigantic scale. Conscience in regard to the larger groups seems not developed in the case of some men.

Again, we find those who are strenuously devoted to their duties in the larger social groups who overlook their opportunities in the smaller groups. We sometimes find men so absorbed in politics, or in business, or their professions, or even in reform work, that their duties in the family and in the neighborhood are sadly neglected. And even if it be not so serious as that, there is perhaps unavoidably a certain halo cast by the opportunities for service in the larger groups, and a tendency to ignore the significance of the common every-day duties and the monotonous routine of the day's work, which represents service to the smaller groups, especially the family; and the individual becomes, perhaps, discontented and discouraged, and regrets his lack of opportunity for imagined larger services in some wider field in the church, or state, or in business. Some were born to be great—at least they think so. They would be glad to be great generals, or to be sent on some great mission, and would even undertake to reform the world; but to do a soldier's duty in the kitchen or on the farm they are unable. Patriotism sometimes loses its charm when it consists in hunting for brown-tail moths.

Furthermore, the character of service rendered by the veterans whom we honor was not so different from the social services we are called upon to render. Their service was significant and glorious, to be sure. But it involved work, monotonous repetition, hardship, and continued sacrifice. The dress-parade and battles did not occur often; but hardship, and sickness, and hunger or poor food, and dirty water were common; and

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drilling and guard duty and marching were daily duties. There is little romance about this daily drudgery and the endless monotony of the soldier's life. It wears out the nerves and deadens the mind. No one has expressed this so well as the English poet Kipling in his description of marching:

"We're foot-slog-slog-slog-sloggin' over Africa!
Foot-foot-foot-foot-sloggin' over Africa—
(Boots-boots-boots-boots-movin' up and down again!)
There's no discharge in the war!

Seven-six-eleven-five-nine-an'-twenty mile today—
Four-eleven-seventeen-thirty-two the day before—
(Boots-boots-boots-boots-movin' up and down again!)
There's no discharge in the war!

. . . . . .

Try-try-try-try-to think o' something different—
Oh-my-God-keep me from goin' lunatic!
(Boots boots-boots-boots-movin' up an' down again!)
There's no discharge in the war!

. . . . . .

We-can-stick-out 'unger, thirst, an' weariness,
But-not-not-not-not-the chronic sight of 'em—
Boots-boots-boots-boots-movin' up an' down again!
An' there's no discharge in the war!

. . . . . .

I-'ave-march-six-weeks in 'Ell an' certify
It-is not-fire-devils-dark or anything
But boots-boots-boots-boots-movin' up an' down again,
An' there's no discharge in the war!"

You have perhaps felt the wear of this monotonous repetition in your own work; and it is this that dulls men everywhere. No one, I take it, ever supposed me to be much of a farmer, and yet I have done something of nearly all kinds of farm work. At all events, I have done enough to know that cows have to be milked twice a day, night and morning, fourteen times a week, and that horses and cattle have to be fed twenty-one times in a week; and while I know still less about housework, I am well aware that the meals have to be cooked three times each day, and that the dishes must be washed twenty-one times in a week, unless they are permitted to double up on Sunday; and in general it is this continued repetition, this monotonous drudgery, that kills the housewife and wearies the man in the barn and the field. It is chores, chores, chores, morning and afternoon and night. The endless rhyme repeats itself, morning and afternoon and night. All this ceaseless repetition of the petty duties of life could hardly be described better than in Kipling's words:

"Boots-boots-boots-boots-movin' up an' down again,
An' there's no discharge in the war!"

The great test of character in the camp and on the farm is the ability to face the fact that life is repetition without succumbing to its deadening influence.

There is, it may be said, a certain romance about service for the larger groups which gives a stimulus quite lacking in our ordinary social service. Now, much of this so-called romance, as suggested at the outset, is merely the play of a child's imagination; and, as a matter of fact, it may be maintained with some plausibility that there is quite as much romance in connection with the smaller groups, especially the family, because in larger groups our relations are likely to be more or less remote and artificial, while in the family they are intimate and natural. Mr. Chesterton maintains that it is more romantic and more instructive to live with our neighbor than it is to travel in Timbuctoo. As he argues:

> We make our friends; we make our enemies; but God makes our next-door neighbor. . . . He is Man, the terrible of the beasts. That is why the old religions and the old Scriptural language showed so sharp a wisdom when they spoke, not of one's duty towards humanity, but one's duty towards one's neighbor. The duty towards humanity may often take the form of some choice which is personal or even pleasurable. That duty may be a hobby; it may even be a dissipation. We may work in the East End because we are peculiarly fitted to work in the East End, or because we think we are; we may fight for the cause of international peace because we are very fond of fighting. The most monstrous martyrdom, the most repulsive experience, may be the result of choice or a kind of taste. We may be so made as to be particularly fond of lunatics or especially interested in leprosy. We may love negroes because they are black, or German Socialists because they are pedantic. But we have to love our neighbor because he is *there*.

When you go away from home to see life, you may see only the surface. The

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man in the office or the store does not show you himself, but his professional self. The people you visit have on their company manners. The few you know more intimately are usually much like yourself. But at home you know people as they really are; and it is just because Uncle Jack and Sister Mary are so totally different from you in disposition, habits, and interests that you get so much experience from living with them. In like manner, Mr. Chesterton argues that in the family we have the real romantic life, the best chance to meet varieties of experience and the most intimate contact with life. Thus he writes: "The best way that a man could test his readiness to encounter the common variety of mankind would be to climb down a chimney into any house at random, and get on as well as possible with the people inside. And that is essentially what each one of us did on the day he was born."

Thus there are certain definite advantages from service in the smaller groups. There is, however, a certain stimulus and inspiration which comes from belonging to one of the large social groups. A man who belongs to a Church whose members are found everywhere and in all lands may well receive an inspiration from the fact; and one who belongs to a brotherhood, or even to a society like that of the Christian Endeavor, whose members are found everywhere, may well feel the stimulus of this cosmopolitan union. And if any one perchance has so developed the virtue of Christian sympathy that he sees in all men members of the universal brotherhood of humanity, he certainly will feel at home anywhere. Especially when we feel the futility of our own work and the weakness of individual effort, the stimulus and inspiration of such fellowship in the larger groups gives a support perhaps not possible from the smaller ones.

Hence the inestimable privilege of belonging to a great republic, and the tragedy of that individual's fate who can be described as a man without a country. But this feeling of dependence and this inspiration from fellowship in the larger groups are likely to be felt only in times of special crisis. Then perhaps we realize what it means to belong to a great nation. This can be made clear by a concrete and familiar illustration.

At twelve minutes past five on the morning of the 18th of April, 1906, the great city of San Francisco lay quiet and peaceful. At the Golden Gate of the Pacific most of the inhabitants perhaps were still asleep, here and there a few laborers beginning the day's work. Six seconds later an earthquake shook the country, and in seventy-two seconds the city was in ruins. Fire was breaking out here and there. Men and women were rushing about to save their children or their own lives. Chaos filled the city; and in men's hearts were rising fear, uncertainty, blankness, and despair. In this crisis, when men felt helpless and anarchy threatened, almost immediately United States soldiers from the Presidio a few miles distant took command of the city. I have received testimony from several sources of the feelings of security and confidence and hope that returned as soon as the soldiers were seen in control of the situation. One eyewitness writes in McClure's Magazine as follows:

> . . . Amid the welter of emotions, the vast sense of insecurity, the useless engines, the foolish firemen, suddenly appeared in all its vast majesty the Government of the United States. I turned a corner, and there measuredly walked a man in blue, gun on shoulder, straight and tall. On the opposite side of the street another tramped. Beyond, another, and still another. Instantly we all became, not puny, pygmy creatures whom the earth in a mood had tossed about, but citizens of a nation, parts of a whole, compact and strong. Never was such a lesson in patriotism.

The question probably occurs to us sometimes, Would people to-day show the same courage and patriotism that our fathers showed at the time of the Civil War? Could we trust people to-day in a time of crisis? Would we as individuals be capable of rendering the service they rendered? It is difficult to answer such questions; but there are indications that the virtue of patriotism and self-sacrifice still exists, and that in similar conditions to-day heroes as great as those of '61 would appear.

The only guarantee we have, however, of any such ability to meet crises is our loyalty and service in those social groups

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of which we are now members. The vital question is: Do we perform our duty in these social groups to-day? During the past year some things have happened which in part answer this question. In the serious commercial crisis that occurred, it is perhaps a conservative estimate that two hundred and fifty thousand workmen were out of employment, and many more worked only part time. To the man who needs his week's wages every Saturday night to feed and clothe his wife and children this is a most serious situation. Two hundred and fifty thousand make a pretty large army. What was the result? Even in our largest cities, it is said, very little disturbance or complaint was evident. These men without work used their small savings, or turned their hands to odd jobs, or went hungry, and waited patiently for times to change. Such heroism and patience and self-sacrifice to-day are the best possible guarantee that in times of greater crisis the fitting heroism would not be lacking.

This relation of social service in the smaller groups to the virtue of patriotism in the larger may well be remembered in all our attempts at education in patriotism. It is customary in many schools for children to pledge their loyalty to flag and country in a formal manner, as they have done here to-day. A common form of such pledge is substantially as follows: "I give my head and my heart to my country—one country, one language, one flag."

As already suggested, the spirit of this is admirable; but I doubt if any teacher has a right to ask a child to make this pledge without at the same time giving him an opportunity to do something, to make some sacrifice for the social group of which he is a member, *i. e.*, for the school. It is even doubtful if a teacher should permit a child to take this pledge who is not willing to render some service to the school. Such service may, of course, take a great variety of forms, even the negative service of giving up one's personal rights of free speech and unrestrained activity for the sake of the school, as in refraining from whispering, etc.; but in some form it is essential.

The rendering of service to the social group of which the child is a member is actual training in patriotism. It is far more important than mere instruction. It should not, of course, be given by a pedantic demand of obedience to artificial and arbitrary rules. Nor should this or any other virtue be developed prematurely; but if a child is too young to give up his own interest for the sake of the group, it seems probable that such a child is too young to take a formal pledge of patriotism. On the other hand, those who are mature enough to perform their duties to the social group of which they are now members are receiving the best possible training for patriotism in the larger groups of which they will soon become members. Instruction in regard to the flag and the country is necessary and altogether praiseworthy, but it can never take the place of training; and here, as in the whole field of morals, instruction carries with it the duty of training.

I must not weary you with further illustrations.

The ranks of the Grand Army are growing thin. Each succeeding year brings some grievous loss. Nothing, I suppose, will help us so much to bear our sorrow as to learn the lesson of Memorial Day—a lesson so simple that we are liable to ignore it—the lesson of loyalty, of service, and of sacrifice to the social groups of which we are members. The veterans of the Civil War have had a wonderful experience. Most of them now are dead upon the field of honor. Those who survive have lived to see a reunited republic, their enemies not vanquished but cheerfully returned to their ranks, vying with them in the service and defense of a common country—a thing perhaps unparalleled in the history of the world. Some of us are inclined to envy the veterans their opportunity and their experience. But the opportunity for patriotism comes to every one. If a man gets a fine glow of feeling when he sees the flag on Memorial Day, he can go home and do something to make his own family happier and better, or for the neighborhood where he lives. Or the child can do something for his school or the group of playmates of whom he is one. Or, in the larger groups, the man can render some service to the club or

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lodge or society to which he belongs. He can be more loyal and devoted to the church of which he is a member. Or perhaps he can do something for this old town which we all love. Or he can be more careful to perform his duties as a citizen in the State and in the Nation.

The virtue of patriotism is not limited by the size of the social group. Its essential characteristic is the same everywhere—loyalty and social service, representing an opportunity and a duty, not remote or rare, but something very near to every one of us.

THE HUMOR-FETISH

BY ELISABETH WOODBRIDGE

IN every period and every land people have had their pet virtues. The Athenians adored wit, and the Spartans health; the Hebrews, at least retrospectively, honored the gift of prophecy; the Romans the virtue of self-control, the Quakers the virtue of peaceableness. Pioneers, the world over, worship bravery and resourcefulness—the virtues of aggression; settled societies appreciate fair-mindedness and rectitude—the virtues of restraint; aristocracies affect the virtues of conformity.

All virtues are good, though perhaps none of them so superlatively and exclusively good as each has at some time been deemed. But just now it would seem that in the general estimation they are all about to yield precedence to one which is, comparatively speaking, a newcomer, usually known as the Sense of Humor.

Not but that men have always laughed. But their laughter was grounded in brutality, and it was long before it took on any significance that we should now call humorous. The Athenians, to be sure, had attained humor, but later Europeans, in this respect as in many others, did not climb from their shoulders; they had to begin at the bottom, just as if Aristophanes had never made the very heavens rock with laughter. And it was a long way up from the half-Latinized Goth and Celt to Shakespeare and Molière and Lamb and Meredith.

No wonder that we should be dazzled by a virtue for all practical purposes only a few centuries old, and still growing. But we ought not to be dazzled too long, and it really seems as if this new virtue were becoming something of a fetish. A young man said gravely the other day, "One can't get to heaven without a sense of humor, you know." A gentleman writes from England to the editors of an American school paper to inquire into the status of the sense of humor among American boys, as compared with English. The word "humor" is on every one's lips. Humor is the one thing needful. We are warned against choosing friends who lack it; and as for marriage, if both parties do not possess it the altar is but a prelude to the divorce court, if not to suicide. If any man fail of success in any way, we are told that it is because he lacks humor; if he is dissatisfied with existing conditions, this accounts for it. Nearly every human vagary, from eccentricities in dress to curious tastes in the naming of children, is ascribed to the absence or inadequacy of this one virtue. Everything, from dinner-parties to matrimony, must be ordered with a view to this test.

Now, humor is a pleasant thing, and a good thing; but perhaps it is being a little overdone, and overdone with a touch of priggery and a touch of stupidity. The priggery lies in the assumption, always apparent, that we, the speaker and his companions, possess this jewel, this last gift, and we are filled with a self-congratulatory glow as we consider those poor unfortunates who are not thus endowed. It is the Pharisee hugging

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himself for his own virtues, though the particular virtue chosen is one which was probably not valued by the original Pharisee. I know of nothing more complete than the arrogance of the man who laughs at a joke towards the man who does not—an arrogance so absolute, indeed, that its only manifestation is often a tolerant and amused pity. As a people, we Americans have assumed for ourselves the position of those who laugh, with the other nations of the world falling into line behind us, according to their respective capacity in this one matter. But some of us who have chanced to encounter the jocular American abroad must have wished that other virtues than humor had been a little more emphasized in his home circle.

The touch of stupidity lies in the assumption that the sense of humor is a simple characteristic, like blueness of eyes, or a definite possession, like pennies, that people may have or not have, in varying and ascertainable quantities. Indeed, whenever we begin to sort people out into classes according to their characteristics, we usually get into trouble. And of all unhelpful classifications, the worst is this one based on the possession of a sense of humor. It is almost as unmanageable as the one based on goodness and badness, so called, which has at least the sanction of tradition, though it has led to little but bewilderment. We all know Aucassin's frank comments on the personnel of Heaven, as thus determined; and many before and since his time have felt as he did. But if the sense of humor, instead of goodness, is to be made the condition of entrance, the society there will be different indeed, but perhaps even queerer. Thersites and Henry VIII will get in, but Milton and Seneca will not. Lincoln will be safe, to be sure, and Hawthorne may slip past the gate unchallenged, but hardly Emerson. For Cromwell and Napoleon, for Coleridge and John Stuart Mill, there will be no hope. And as for those others whom we know even better than these—Rosalind and Hamlet and Beatrice and Mercutio—it will be well with them; but Perdita and Isabella and Miranda must remain outside with Malvolio and Polonius, although it may comfort them to find Hector and Achilles and Prospero and Horatio in their company.

The trouble all comes from trying to base any classification at all on so elusive a quality as this so-called sense of humor. For it is not all one thing, or even degrees of one thing. It is so protean a quality, so dependent for its value upon a vast number of delicate adjustments among other qualities of a person's nature, that while it continually invites analysis, it continually eludes definition.

There are as many kinds of humor as there are kinds of people, and the important question is, not whether any one possesses it, but what kind he possesses. Better none at all than a sort that does not chance to harmonize with our own. George Eliot points out somewhere that one of the hardest tests of friendship is a difference of taste in jokes. Why, then, are people thus reckless in invoking a quality so little understood and so apt to lead to difficulties? Every one knows that there is nothing more dangerous than an escaped virtue, but if we are not careful this one will have given us the slip and, in common phrase, "be all over the shop." Indeed, it sometimes seems as if this had already happened, if one may judge from our newspapers, our magazines, our conversation, and the demeanor of our countrymen abroad. Humor is considered the one thing needful, and few pause to ask, What sort of humor? Yet the time may come when we shall be so cloyed with it that we may beg to be spared any sort. Already it is a relief now and then to find a person who is habitually serious, whose conversation is not continually "lighted up" by the humorous point of view. Such people, we hear, are not good to live with. What a curious blunder! I know such a person, one of the loveliest I have ever had the good fortune to meet, and of humor—humor of any sort—she has not a shadow—or shall we say a flicker? She smiles often, but from pure kindness, not from amusement. She laughs when her friends laugh, but only through sympathy with them. She has sweet, grave eyes, and a mouth gentle and firm and motherly, and her voice is like the touch of a quiet hand. She has

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dignity without condescension, and a love for all things, both great and small, that is never found wanting. Not good to live with? Those whose household she blesses give thanks every hour of the day, though not always consciously, for the boon of her presence.

Not get to Heaven without a sense of humor? Like Aucassin, we are puzzled. But we will not be so defiant as he, and choose to stay out. We will rather hope that there is some mistake. Perhaps this ruling is not final. Perhaps Heaven will reconsider.

THE NEW GERMAN HUMOR

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

"TO say that we do not enjoy German facetiousness," wrote George Eliot in 1856 in her essay on Heine, "is no more than to say that, though the horse is the finest of quadrupeds, we do not like him to lay his hoof playfully on our shoulder. Still, as we have noticed that the pointless puns and stupid jocularity of the boy may ultimately be developed into the epigrammatic brilliancy and polished playfulness of the man, as we believe that racy wit and chastened, delicate humor are inevitably the results of invigorated and refined mental activity, we can also believe that Germany will, one day, yield a crop of wits and humorists."

This daring prophecy has been fulfilled. For, though Heine was a wit rather than a humorist, and his nature was French rather than German, yet he left Teutonic humor outgrowing its juvenile crudities and preparing to come of age.

It is small wonder that Germany was slow in attaining humor, that crown of maturity, that most delicate efflorescence of the human intelligence. For her development was violently arrested three hundred years ago and she was dragged back a century behind her great neighbors by the barbarities of the Thirty Years' War.

At the time of George Eliot's prophecy, however, she had almost made up her handicap, and was preparing to celebrate emerging from her teens with such a work as Busch's inimitable "Max und Moritz."

But it is a poignant commentary on our Anglo-Saxon conservatism toward everything Teutonic except music, beer, science, and toys, that this same "Max und Moritz" still represents to us the sum and substance of the new German humor. It is as though modern British humor should signify to the outside world nothing but "Alice in Wonderland," leaving Lamb, De Quincey, Dickens, Thackeray, and De Morgan quite out of count. Nevertheless, this naïve attitude is in keeping with our popular conception of German character, which has been gathered almost wholly from a study of our immigrants and from the "comic" papers.

But the new German is far more highly organized than we realize, and so is his humor. In the last half-century the language has been growing constantly more flexible and piquant, more subtle and exquisite. And while we have been doggedly regarding German humor as compact of violent exaggeration and horse-play, it has been quietly moving toward that opposite goal of sympathetic insight and love that brings the smile so close to the tear. For it is characterized to-day by such a deep tenderness for homely detail, for old people and animals, and especially for children, as irradiates no other literature.

This tender humor seems to me to be playing over a great part of current German prose. The light broke first upon the novelists, then the essayists, and has come last of all to rival the lime-light, although neither Hauptmann nor Suder-

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mann has consented as yet to try the innovation.

I say it "seems to play" because the language has, for the sympathetic Anglo-Saxon, a humorous content *per se*, which the German himself cannot enjoy. We smile over happy inversions and piquancies that are in the very nature of the tongue, and that every native takes as a matter of course. We note grotesque resemblances to English words. And often some staid, austere passage, translated strictly in the German order, turns into something unspeakably droll. Allowing, nevertheless, for this effect of perspective as well as I may, German, with its infinite flexibility, its rich vocabulary of obloquy, its many dialects, and its license in the compounding and coining of words, is to me the ideal language of humor.

It is a remarkable and a beautiful fact that German writers did not attain a ripe humor until they began to study children in earnest. And ever since they began, their most engaging work has had to do with the little ones. So that George Elliot might have added to her words about the humorists of the future, "And a little child shall lead them."

One of the first to fulfill her prediction was Fritz Reuter, who wrote in the Low German of Mecklenburg, and was the first to study the inner life of the northern peasant. His style is typical of the north, is quiet, deep, restrained, objective. But, like the works of the other humorists, and like the beer of Munich, it loses its flavor in transmission to distant tongues. So that this translation from "Ut Mine Stromtid" was attempted—like those to follow—simply in the hope of sending my readers to the original:

Besides the little, inexperienced pair of twins there was in the room another pair of twins, but an old, experienced, wary pair, that peeped down from the bureau upon the little children and shook their heads back and forth in the light draft that came from the open window; those were grandfather, his peruke, and grandmother, her go-to-meeting wig, that stood on a couple of wig-stands, ready to cut a figure to-morrow, as they usually did on Sunday.

"Look, Lining," said Mining. "There stands grandfather, his pe-ook." (She couldn't as yet get the better of the R.)

"You always say 'pe-ook; you must say pe-ook," answered Lining," for she could not master her R's either. But she was the elder and had to guide her small sister a little in the right direction.

With that the twins each put on a wig, just as grandfather and grandmother did on Sunday, and then they both laughed and caught hold of each other, and began to dance Ring-around-a-Rosy. But Mining, in her exuberance, broke a pot in two, and their pleasure was also broken in two. They began to cry bitterly, but Lining suggested:

"The wheelwright shall make it well again."

"Yes," sobbed Mining, more quietly, "the wheelwright shall make it well again." And at that the two little grief-bearers went out of the door and quite forgot that they had grandfather's and grandmother's sacred Sunday regalia on their heads.

Now, some may think that Lining was going to make the wheelwright a rather naïve proposition. But whoever has known a real wheelwright in the country ought to know that such a man can do everything.

In the yard the twins meet with one of the most lovable characters in literature, Herr Entspekter Broesig, a tiny man

with a sumptuously red nose that he held up a little into the air. On his head he had a four-cornered cap with a tassel in front, but any especial color it certainly had not. On his body he had a gray linen coat with long tails, and his short little legs, that spread far outwards and appeared as though they had been screwed incorrectly into his long trunk, lurked in short, blue-striped pants of drill and in high boots with yellow tops. He was not exactly corpulent, but neither was he slender, and one could see that he had begun to cultivate himself a little stomach.

When the Entspekter saw the twins—

he stood still and raised his bushy, yellow eyebrows so high that they came entirely under the protection of his cap, as though these eye-fringes were the most beautiful things on his whole countenance, and, in such a dangerous pass as he here encountered, must, above all else, be brought under cover.

Then, after a scene of alternate ejaculation, expostulation, and blandishment—

he drove the little girls before him and followed after, in the one hand the peruke, and in the other the wig.

As Reuter was the pioneer of the new humor in the north, so was Gottfried Keller in the south; for Keller, though

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born in Zurich, has always been regarded as a South German. To compare his humor with Reuter's is to hold up against the Prussian personality the genial, exuberant, warm-hearted type of Swabia or of Bavaria, to whom self-revelation is as natural as breathing, and who enjoys, most of all, a good laugh at himself.

The passage that follows is taken from Keller's great autobiographical novel, "Der Grüne Heinrich." Young Heinrich, with some companions, had organized a stock company in a large wine butt, and wrote the plays himself, borrowing his ideas principally from the Bible:

I found it desirable as well that the protagonists should have a special entrance, so that they might appear on the stage without being observed beforehand. Therefore a hole was sawed, cut, and scratched in the rear wall, until one in full armor could crawl humbly through, which looked very droll when he began his thundering speech before he was already on his feet. Then green twigs were brought in order to turn the butt-interior into a forest. I nailed them tight all around and left only the bunghole above free, down through which super-terranean voices had to sound.

One day "David and Goliath" was given. The Philistines stood on the plain, demeaned themselves like heathen, and passed in front of the stage into the proscenium. Then there crawled in the Children of Israel. They lamented, became intimidated, and filed to the other side of the entrance just as Goliath, an overgrown rascal, appeared and performed overbearing antics, to the huge delight of both armies and of the public, until David, a stunted, snappish youngster, suddenly made an end of this public scandal by hitting the giant in the forehead with a large horse-chestnut from a slingshot which he wielded excellently.

The giant was beside himself, and countered quite as vigorously on David's head, and at once they were involved in a spirited rough and tumble. The spectators and both choruses applauded and took sides. As for me, I sat above astride of the butt, a candle end in one hand, a clay pipe with rosin in the other, and, in the capacity of Zeus, I blew violent, uninterrupted flashes of lightning through the bunghole, so that the flames hissed among the green foliage and the silver paper on Goliath's helmet gleamed magically. Now and then I peeped quickly down through the hole, only to fire on the brave fighters again with lightning bolts, and apprehended no evil, when the world which I had dared to master suddenly rocked on its foundations, turned over, and hurled me from my heaven. For Goliath had finally overcome David and cast him with violence against the wall.

There was a great outcry. The owner of the butt came and shut up the rolling house, not without distributing obloquy and cuffs when he discovered the arbitrary changes that had been effected.

It is a sore temptation to retrace the course of the New Humor since the days of these pioneers, and go on indefinitely prospecting in this rich field and that. But editorial *oui* will assent merely to a glimpse at two current representatives of the movement.

Both are northerners; but in Otto Ernst (Schmidt) there is such a fusion of the most delightful national qualities—northern clarity of vision, the sparkle of the Rhineland, the refinement of Baden, the *intimité* and *Gemüthlichkeit* of Bavaria—that he is a child not of any section but of the Empire. He shines equally as dramatist, essayist, novelist, and poet, so that it has been a sorry task to settle upon a single book, one part of that book, and one part of that part for citation. But as we have seen the elder writers among children, it is almost a duty to translate—for purposes of contrast—a part of the essay called "When Children Play," from that delightful volume "Ein Frohes Farbenspiel:"

"Oh, come! you have not seen us for so long,
Will you not give this one day to your own?"

Very like these sound the enticing words that she is apt to whisper—she, the Mother of my children. "Oh, do stop work!" she pleads. "You must have grown quite stupid with all that reading—"

"You clairvoyant angel, you!"

"You're so far gone already that you hear and see nothing. If any one asks you what you think of the weather, you take out your watch, stare at it for three minutes, and then cry, 'In the fourth act!' Come, you must rest. Your young scamps shall put your head to rights—"

And she draws me gently to the nursery which I call my "Treasury," also "The Fields of the Blessed," or "The Little Beast-of-Prey Gallery." . . . "Well, let's go down!"

But that's no longer necessary, for I'm down already. At the news that I was to play with them, all four (about two hundred pounds altogether) leaped upon me and bore me to earth with a fearful Apache yell, and, if my senses do not deceive me, the youngest desires me to scalp without a knife . . .

"Well, what let's play?" This question I addressed to Hertha. For she, the littlest, is the stage manager of the four. Every happening takes on dramatic form at once in her fantasy; she gives out the part (she herself naturally takes the "Mother"); she invents the dialogue, tells the others what

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they are to say, and then answers. She makes her doll speak as well, together with other lifeless things, in the thinnest and squeakiest of tones, and answers them in a sonorous voice, filled with ripe, maternal experience and benevolent care. . . .

But the little ones are growing restless. Certainly when one plays with children one should not sit there speechless and dream. For this sort of thing they have the least conceivable appreciation.

"We want to play 'Little Red Riding Head,'" Hertha has decided. She always says "Little Red Riding Head." I wonder what sort of concept she has of it. It is plainly a mere name to her, like Marie or Anna. If one could only peep into a little skull like hers! I will venture that an ant-heap is something infinitely regular compared to this chaos. And yet in course of time everything scrambles to rights of itself. Well, then, "Little Red Riding Hood."

"Yes, I'm the grandma [the rôle is written plainly all over her person], and you're the wolf, and Irene is Little Red Riding Head, and Ludwig is the huntsman."

After some brief difficulty over the assignments, order is evolved and the performance can begin. I approach Little Red Riding Hood on all fours and combine, with a very realistic raw-flesh-loving organ, that hypocritical affability which a wolf in this situation usually develops.

But Little Red Riding Hood is frightened and runs away. Remarkable! I must be acting brilliantly. But I have not read my Shakespeare to no purpose. I erect myself and explain that I am no real wolf at all, but tender Papa So-and-so, who is not in the habit of devouring his fellow-men. That is reassuring. But as soon as I slink up again on hands and feet she cries out and flees. Curious! It occurs to me that I've noticed this before. When we go on all fours we must have something damnably animaline about us. Perhaps this is true only of myself. . . .

Meanwhile the performance of Little Red Riding Hood had come to an end after my son had undertaken several assaults, that closely approximated reality, upon the wolf, *i.e.*, the vicinity of my stomach. Thereupon I had struggled far too brilliantly; I am satisfied that only Ermete Zacconi can struggle as well. The children were immensely pleased, and I had to let my stomach be cut open *da capo*, and yet again and yet again. "Father [I am alternately Wolf and Father], Father, please struggle again!" (*noch einmal zappeln!*) And every one who has played even *once* with children will concede that I would have had to struggle my way into the twentieth century if I had not finally made an end with an unmistakable, thrice-thundering "No!"

The final extract is from Gustav Frenssen's "Jörn Uhl," that epoch-making book which revived in Germany the popular taste for the novel of peasant life, first awakened by Reuter and Keller. And though Frenssen has written of children quite as delightfully as the others, here—by way of contrast—his tender humor plays about an old man who is, like the Entspekter, one of the most "loveworthy" persons that ever found his way between covers:

The house in which Thiess Thiessen had spent nearly the whole of his life, and the head which Thiess Thiessen carried on his shoulders, bore an undeniable resemblance to each other. For all time it will remain doubtful which took after which; whether in the course of many years Thiess's head had grown to resemble the dear old house, or whether the house had modeled itself somewhat after Thiess.

The house of Thiess Thiessen was long and narrow. The dark, high thatch hung far down over the little, blinking windows. In front was a small, audacious gable. The head of Thiess Thiessen was very long and narrow, and the long, dark hair hung far down over ears and forehead to the bright, blinking eyes. His nose was small and, if not audacious, at least intrepid—a fine, well-turned nose in a little, dry, crumpled, well-weathered weaver's face.

Elsbe would often tell him, "Your head's exactly like your house."

"Can't very well be helped," he would answer. "We've been together more than forty year, my house and I, and always alone."

. . . . . .

"Now you must see what a splendid journey I've been making in the last few weeks."

They (the children) followed him to his bedroom, a large, bare chamber with white-washed walls, and no furniture except Thiess Thiessen's bed, a chest of drawers, and two chairs. The walls, from top to bottom, were covered with the five continents and the two hemispheres, heavily drawn in blue crayon. Piles of books lay on the chairs. Here Thiess Thiessen made his distant journeys and stilled his hunger for the outside world. He delivered them a short lecture showing how he had sat that week with Livingstone at many a camp fire in Central Africa, and had barely managed to sustain life on dried goat's meat. He took the volume and read them the climax of the journey, the place where the English missionary and explorer makes the treaty of peace with the terrible wild king of the negroes. He raised his hands and read in solemn, sustained tones.

But it was all no use. Elsbe's interest flagged again. "If we hang around and gabble like this," she said, disdainfully, "we'll get nothing done to-day."

. . . . . .

"Now to the boat!"

"It's a fine boat, children. It's the best and the biggest I've ever built."

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It lay in the dark brown water of the moor, properly chained, and bore a distant resemblance to a calves' trough, and smelled ten paces away of the pitch that had been poured into its every seam. In the middle a mast towered over the central deck with a pennant of yellow silk cut from grandmother's shawl, and on the deck stood four cannons made of rifle-barrels soldered by the village blacksmith, with their touch-holes filed bright.

It was splendid! And all praised Thiess and said he had really done a good thing for once. Jörn in delight pounded his knees and would have climbed in at once. Little Lisbeth alone eyed the gay, many-patched thing askance, tossed her small, bright head and said, "I'll not get in."

Thiess had regained his spirits. He wished no one to belittle his glory, and said:

"I'm making the first voyage alone."

He climbed in cautiously and sat down in the calves' trough with care, shoving his legs under the central deck.

Elsbe had seated herself on a willow stump and began to croak.

"If you tip over, what then? You'll hang there finely, head down, legs fast."

"I? Tip over?"

"Thiess! My boy! She's heeling!"

"Thiess! You know you always have bad luck!"

"Bad luck? Heel? It won't heel over in *my* lifetime."

He fumbled in his vest pocket and laid out three dusky matches on the deck before him.

"My boy Thiess! Let it be! Whenever you want to be grand you pitch onto bad luck."

"Let him alone. Don't you see the bad luck has already pitched onto him."

Thiess hoisted himself a little. Something gave forth a sticky, smeary sound. The children laughed, and exchanged looks and nods. Fiete Krey, who most clearly saw the coming disaster, doubled up with laughter.

"Thiess, you'll upset, sure as anything."

Two careful strokes brought Thiess safely from shore out upon the dark water. He laid the paddle thoughtfully in front of him and reached for the matches.

His conveyance tilted easily, just as though it were anxious to change its position. He tried to strike the matches on the deck, but they would not catch fire. Then, by force of time-honored habit, he lifted one leg to wake the sleeping fire at the correct, the customary place. The trough rocked. There was a sudden blaze. To the touch-hole with the burning wood! The trough rocked. "Children! So we fought on the fifth of April at Eckernförde!" He tried to shift quickly a little to one side, because the move was highly to be recommended. Flame and smoke! Once more! Thiess cannot budge. He sticks fast in the pitch. Amid smoke and sulphur fumes the boat turns over, and Thiess Thiessen turns over too.

Jörn Uhl stood up to his knees in the water. Fiete Krey said softly, "It's still bubbling." Elsbe said, "But the pitch!" Lisbeth ran away crying.

A sultry silence ensued. The moor and the children held their breath.

Then the water began to bubble and boil. Round waves widened their circles. There came something black, spongy, like the back of a great black fish. Spitting, groaning, swallowing, and sneezing, it gained the land on all fours.

He rubbed his eyes hard. He shook himself and stamped and threw off his coat and his boots. The children stood about him with large, anxious eyes. Fiete Krey rolled about on the ground and shouted. Lisbeth, who had just stood still, turned about and ran farther.

"Well," he said, and spat, "this was something that happens to the best of ships, capsizing under normal conditions, with the miraculous rescue of all hands. Anyway, it was a new construction, Jörn. As it appears, a bit narrow in the beam. Well, anyway, we've seen and experienced and gone through with something."

"What have *you* seen?" said Elsbe.

He looked backward to where the boat lay on the water like a swimming tortoise.

"There you're quite, quite correct," said he, and spat again. "It's terrible down below. It grew black before my eyes all at once, and I lost all sense of direction. It was only by indirection that I reached the idea where above was. You must remember that I had to do with all four elements; first with fire, sulphur, and pitch, then with water and earth. There was too much of all of these there. Finally with the atmosphere; I had much too little of that. If I hadn't had too little of it I wouldn't have returned right away, for you can't believe what curious leg dislocations I had to make down there in order to leave the ship." After he had said this he expectorated again and went home to change his clothes.

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THE PHILIPPINES

ONE hardly knows whether or not to say that the Philippine question is taken seriously in the United States. Our editors, nearly or quite all, assert that it is not, that "the people do not care about the Philippines." Yet they and the book publishers keep on adding to the literature about the Philippines—mostly in spasms of discussion, however, and material by writers whose knowledge is utterly superficial. Discussions of the subject, in one phase or another, in Congress are of the same haphazard character; and the few who have made a serious study of the Philippines and Filipinos cannot but be amazed frequently by the gross ignorance about them that is displayed in that forum, even by some members of the Philippine Committees of the two houses.

On the other hand, during the comparatively very brief period of American occupation of the Philippines there has already been published in the United States a work which is, beyond all comparison, both the largest and the most scholarly work dealing with those islands that has ever been undertaken. It comprises fifty-five large octavo volumes, averaging considerably more than three hundred pages each; the first of them appeared in 1903, and the last of the volumes, to be devoted to an analytical index, will appear before the end of 1908. It covers the Spanish voyages of discovery in the sixteenth century and the entire period of Spanish rule from Legaspi's occupation of Sebú in 1565 to the friars' address of self-defense, drawn up in Manila on the eve of the outbreak of war in 1898. As already indicated, it stands quite by itself as a work of reference in Philippine history.[1]

So much for the record of American scholarship in this field—something to be considered with satisfaction when compared with the many ephemeral, sometimes quite worthless, tracts and treatises on the islands that have appeared since 1898. It is less pleasant, and somewhat confirmatory of the view that little interest is taken in the Philippines, to have to add that this large undertaking was financially a failure. Of course it could not be expected that a work having the character and the magnitude of this work would become in any degree "popular." It was designed primarily for our larger libraries, and for such statesmen, publicists, and students as might be disposed to specialize in the new "colonial problems" of our country. The roll of the latter, or at least of those who felt able or disposed to subscribe for this work, has proved to be even smaller than was expected. More significant, perhaps, was the failure of our libraries to support the enterprise in the degree that was necessary to make it pay. It was originally planned to comprise one thousand sets; but before a score of volumes were issued the number was cut down to the few hundreds of subscribers it had been possible to secure in the United States, the Philippines, and among European libraries. Under the circumstances, both publishers and editors deserve great credit for carrying out their contract, the former shouldering a money loss and the latter not only working from 1904 to date without the prospect of financial reward, but under the burden of making translations and doing merely routine work which, under more favorable circumstances, could have been done by assistants. When it is said that the editing of the series has improved steadily with each volume, despite these odds, it hardly needs saying that this is an accomplishment of American scholarship that merits far more recognition than it has received. The editors have expended six years of capable and conscientious labor on this one work, in the State Historical Library at Madison, Wisconsin, except for the time spent by Mr. Robertson in the archives of Spain and the libraries of Europe and the United States.

[1] The Philippine Islands, 1493–1898: Explorations by Early Navigators, Descriptions of the Islands and their Peoples, their History and Record of the Catholic Missions, as related in contemporaneous Books and Manuscripts. . . . Translated from the Originals. Edited and Annotated by Emma Helen Blair and James A. Robertson. The Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland. 55 vols. $4 per vol.

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The work is not perfect. Limitations indicated above have had something to do with that. Then it was originally planned to extend only to 1800, printed works regarding the nineteenth century in the Philippines being considered to be fairly accessible. The change of plan to cover the entire period of Spanish rule came after much early material was contracted for; and there is a lack of chronological proportion, the seventeenth century in particular taking an unduly large space in this series of volumes. A brief résumé of contents will show the scope of the work. The plan, it should be stated, has been to present translations of hitherto unprinted manuscripts in the Spanish archives, and translations or abstracts of rare and inaccessible printed Philippina.

The historical introduction by the late Edward Gaylord Bourne is to be recommended to all readers seeking a brief survey of Philippine history in English, as being incomparably better for the purpose than the accounts which are usually consulted, viz., that in John Foreman's book, or other books which have followed Foreman, whose book in fact was far from satisfactory.

The date 1493 is assigned for the beginning of the work, since it was the year of the famous bull of Pope Alexander VI dividing the world between Portugal and Spain. This "bull of demarcation," and subsequent documents relating thereto and to the controversy between Spain and Portugal regarding the ownership of the Philippines and the Moluccas, form a natural starting-point for the documentary history of the Philippines. Before the discovery of Magellan in 1521, indeed we might say before the settlement begun under Legaspi in 1565, we have what we must call the "prehistoric period" as regards the Philippines and their people. Spanish writers (from whom our Philippine history in English has thus far been drawn) were little concerned with anything back of the Spanish conquest, while they made Philippine history after 1565 only a chronicle and glorification of Spanish official activities, civil and ecclesiastical. If they gave more than a passing consideration to the state of the Filipinos before the conquest, it was merely to draw from old records such statements as would make out the Filipinos to have been a debased lot of savages. As for the history of the development of the Filipino people since 1565—the Philippine history with which we Americans are primarily concerned—it remains to be written. Of course a collection such as this, edited primarily for Americans and in the spirit of modern history, should include so far as possible documents that help to bring the student close to the life of the people. The editors have been fairly successful in this direction, though there is much that we still wish for. The famous relation by Pigafetta, one of the followers of Magellan who finally completed the voyage, the relation of native customs by the friar Plasencia, the works of about 1600 by Morga, the judge, and Chirino, the missionary, and a great number of minor documents or passages in documents, help us to discover what the Filipinos were like at the time of the conquest. Further on, in volume 34, there is brought to light an interesting document which carries us fully two hundred and fifty years back of the date set for the beginning of this work. It is a chapter from the work of Chao-Yu-Kua, a Chinese geographer of the thirteenth century, and describes Luzon and other Philippine islands, the settlements thereon, and articles of commerce, as related by Chinese traders who visited the islands in junks. So far as is yet definitely established, this is the first reference to the Philippines in the world's literature.

Following the documents of the conquest and settlements come the stories of fighting with more warlike natives in Mindanao and far to the south, as well as of attempts at conquest and missionary work on the continent of Asia and in Japan; accounts of sea-fights with the Dutch and English; and long extracts from the chronicles and relations of early missionaries, notably Aduarte, Colín, and Combés. It will temper the exaggerations of some of our magazine and book writers who tell of new American discoveries in the Philippines "where no white man had ever been before" to read about the missionary journeys in

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Mindanao and converts around Lake Lanao before 1640.

Reaching the eighteenth century, the editors give more attention to economic documents, while missionary relations and accounts of the various civil-ecclesiastical squabbles at Manila drop more into the background. One volume is given up to the British capture and occupation of Manila and events resultant therefrom, 1762–1765. The rest of the eighteenth century and all the nineteenth are, unfortunately, condensed into three volumes. However, various editorial appendices in earlier volumes, *e. g.*, on education and on the Moros, cover the entire period of Spanish rule under these heads. Besides the Spanish historians Concepción, Delgado, Zuñiga, and Montero y Vidal, who have been used throughout, considerable reprints have been made from foreign writers, such as the voyagers Dampier and Le Gentil, and the nineteenth-century travelers Mallat and Jagor, and their Spanish predecessors Comyn and Mas. A special résumé and bibliography of the period 1860–1898, considered as the period wherein the conception of Filipino nationality was developed, occupies the leading place in volume 52.

This is the final volume of historical text, and brings the record to April, 1898. Volume 53 is the highly useful Bibliography.[1] Used as supplementary to Retana's, the Library of Congress, and Pardo de Tarera's lists of printed Philippina, it is indispensable to any good library and to the special student of the Philippines.

COMMENT ON CURRENT BOOKS

THE WOMEN OF FLORENCE

A book for the curious and leisurely reader (may his tribe increase), exquisitely set by the publishers in appropriate form, is translated from the Italian of Isidora del Lungo, and discourses of the "Women of Florence."[1] No better exponent of the text and its attractions could be found than the artfully selected frontispiece in color, "A Woman of Florence," marked "Uxor James de' Bardi." The sweet, unlined, youthful brow, the lift of the eyelid, the provoking tilt of the delicate nose, the curve of the lip, and the round chin all fascinate sufficiently, and yet we are made to suffer additional pangs by the poise of the dainty head upon a jeweled throat and shoulders clothed in curious embroidery. The witchery of these Italian ladies, who always look away from their admirers, gazing innocently into the distance and presenting only their profile, is impossible to define. Yet in this volume the author has succeeded to a great degree in conveying something of the power they exercised in their long past day. Florence boasted no prominent leaders among the women, no Catherine of Siena, no defenders of the city such as were found in Pisa, Ancona, Nice, or Rome. The author simply presents a picture of Florentine women, authentic and vivid, largely drawn from the *Paradiso*, for the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and from private records which show domestic life in the Italian Commune with exquisite reality. These women are studied from three standpoints—historical reality, legend or tradition, and poetical idealization. The author, if he errs at all, leans to the side of idealism, and, as the writer of the preface, Dr. Guido Biagi, says, "he does not wish to dim their beauty and moral purity by insisting too much on certain details of vice and frivolity unfortunately encountered in every age." A historian of distinctly classical temper, Professor del Lungo is held by his compatriots to be one of the most reliable of modern Italian writers, one who might be given the title "The Austere." His work is not a compilation of patiently gathered statistics, but a sober reflection of ancient Florentine domestic life, done "with few but bold strokes and with true Tuscan sobriety of color." Women glorified in poetry, saints, legendary heroines, and simple ladies of noble birth who looked to the ways of their households, pass in beautiful procession before our minds. Beneath it all lies the often unknown, or unacknowledged, influence of woman, and the student of history cannot

[1] Women of Florence. By Isidora del Lungo. Translated by Mary C. Steigmann. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.25, net.

[1] Separately printed under the title: Bibliography of the Philippine Islands, Printed and Manuscript. By James Alexander Robertson. The Arthur H. Clark Company, Cleveland. 1908.

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afford to neglect the daily happenings, the little rivulets that contribute silently but powerfully to the growing current that sweeps away states and changes political conditions. As we read we come across familiar names and events that have figured as the groundwork of isolated bits of fiction. The plan of the author includes a view of the rise of the Commune of Florence, through a consideration of Dante and Boccaccio, the thirteenth century, the Renaissance, and "the last years of freedom," with concluding extracts from private letters written by a fifteenth-century matron. The illustrations are of exceptional beauty, lovely reproductions of famous pictures. The cover is an adaptation from a Cinquecento example, and the charming title-page is adapted from a specimen in the British Museum also of the fifteenth century. The work is translated sympathetically by Mary C. Steigmann.

A GIRL'S WAR JOURNAL

"The War-Time Journal of a Georgia Girl,"[1] by Eliza Frances Andrews, is an exceedingly interesting book to those who care for absolutely truthful, unaffected pictures of life during the Civil War. The journal was kept with no idea of being read by any one but the youthful writer. But that part of it written in 1864 and 1865 was of such vivid reality that it now sees the light of publication. Home life on a plantation amid a large group of relatives, somewhat separated by political sympathies yet bound fast together by the extreme provincialism of the Southerner of that day, discloses social conditions that are of immense interest to us now. The girls of the clan were just the gay, impulsive, warm-hearted creatures we should expect, fond of "suitors," and wild over a dance, even in wartime. The journal is not sparing of bitter words about "Yankees," and nothing is left out that could show how despicable the conquerors of the South were. The children of this particular family were not in sympathy with the steady Union sentiments of their father, Judge Andrews, so the journal becomes a safety-valve to ease the repression exercised in family conversation. The one thing that never can be understood by the ordinary Northerner is the unshaken conviction of the Southerner that in her section of our land alone were there refinement, culture, and the beautiful graces of hospitality. It is, of course, the part of a victor to receive in silence the heated representations of the conquered, but why the South should imagine that there were not numberless counterparts of their delightful social groups in the North remains incomprehensible to us. While the Andrews family were growing up in Georgia, in every State in the North there were girls as gentle, as protected, as sought after and courted, and, truth to tell, far better educated and more widely cultured than these pretty Southern belles. In a retrospective Introduction the author writes admirably of past and present conditions, naturally exalting the past and gone "feudal aristocracy" and viewing with some dismay the "commercial plutocracy that rules over the destinies of the Nation to day." Several portraits and illustrations take us back to old manners and old fashions.

[1] The War-Time Journal of a Georgia Girl, 1864-1865. By Eliza Frances Andrews. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.50, net.

SOME SCOTTISH WOMEN

There is a fine field for anecdote, social gossip, and wit in any volume which deals with the women of Scotland. The author[1] has purposely omitted some famous women whose stories are exceedingly familiar, such as Queen Mary, Flora Macdonald, and Jenny Geddes. Others, perhaps quite as much celebrities as those included, have been omitted because the interest attached to them was not of the special kind that belongs to the group here portrayed. The names selected are those of women who made their mark by such varying qualities as heroism, courage, wit, or piety. Thus we have among the earliest in period of the group "Black Agnes of Dunbar" as a type of Scottish amazon, Elspeth Buchan as a fanatic, Lady Grissel Baillie as a heroine, Miss "Nicky" Murray as a woman of fashion, Jane Duchess of Gordon as a woman politician, Mrs. Grant of Laggan as a bluestocking, and Lady Louisa Stuart as a friend and contemporary of great Scottish writers. The book is eminently entertaining; it places interesting figures in an equally interesting background.

THE WAY OF PERFECT LOVE

"The Way of Perfect Love"[2] is a poem of refinement and genuine poetic feeling; a masque in form and a symbolic one at that. Lionella, the daughter of a Duke, ignorant of life, lives among her handmaidens. Her cousin, the reigning Duke, seeks her vainly in marriage. There comes a strolling player whom she follows across the world. When she discovers that he loves freedom of soul better than he loves her, she dismisses him and seeks shelter with a shepherd who is one of her worshipers, whom in turn she comes to love. Then the strolling player comes back again, and the Lady Lionella separates herself both from the wanderer

[1] A Group of Scottish Women. By Harry Graham. Duffield & Co., New York. $3.50.

[2] The Way of Perfect Love. By Georgiana Goddard King. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

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and the shepherd, withdraws into the deep woods, and, by fasting and contemplation, prepares herself for marriage with her cousin and the discharge of the duties of state. The shepherd, disappointed, exchanges the earthly for the heavenly love, and the strolling player also sets his thoughts on high. Miss King gives three interpretations of the poem from the symbolic point of view. It will be seen, therefore, that the masque is full of intention. It is a poetic academic exercise. Its greatest fault is lack of simplicity. It has many qualities which those who love poetry will be glad to recognize and enjoy, for it is as much out of the turmoil and rush of the day as "The Faerie Queene." If the writer can be more concrete and simple both in her construction and language, and if she can overcome the occasional tendency to preciosity which is the besetting sin of cultivated people who write to-day, she will not only do good work, but she will be a joy to her time. The lyrical element in the play is well illustrated by these lines:

"Love me to-day, while roses are falling,
And faint from the cypresses birds are a-calling,
For the rose will be past, the song be forgotten,
And this eager flesh dust ere a green tree be rotten.
Love me to-day ere the passion pass over
And the dead love's perfume be forgot of the lover;
Love me while pleasure is fragrant and warm,
For love like a bird can outsoar the swift storm,
And to-day, though arms slacken and fevered lips tire,
Love is singing aloft in the seraphim-quire."

THE MESSIANIC IDEA

British universities require, as our own should always, evidence of advanced learning in candidates for the degree of doctor of divinity. This dissertation[1] was accepted as such by the University of Cambridge, and it is an illuminative piece of scholarship in comparative religion. It regards "the Messianic idea," which we find fully developed in Christianity, as germinating in the earliest dawn of human thought, and as getting crude expression in the pictorial form of myth. The elemental emotions of fear, the sense of dependence on a higher power, and the desire for happiness, accordingly give rise to three primordial myths found among widely diverse peoples—the myth of "Tehom" (the watery deep inhabited by monsters), ultimately developed into Satan; the myth of the "Saviour-Hero," later connected with Jahwe (English, Jehovah), and the "Paradise-myth," the prototype of the Messianic era, or millennium, as now conceived. The spiritual truths enveloped in these misty conceptions it was the mission of Israelite teachers to clarify, and this process of development is Dr. Oesterley's theme. His investigation is primarily and chiefly concerned with the Old Testament, in which he finds many reminiscences of these myths of primitive men; but the Tehom-myth reappears even in the closing visions of the New Testament, where monsters of evil arise from the sea, and finally their lair, "the sea, is no more." Viewing the fundamental facts involved in the historic evolution as "sin, a Saviour, and salvation," the conclusion is drawn "that in these myths some of the central truths of Christianity were potentially in existence at the time when men first began to be thinking beings." It hardly needs saying that readers of the Old Testament will find profit in this book.

[1] The Evolution of the Messianic Idea. By Rev. W. O. E. Oesterley, D.D. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.25, net.

CHRISTIAN ETHICS

This is largely a helpful book,[1] partly an unhelpful. The ultimate ideal of Christian ethics is well stated—"an automatic right adjustment to every circumstance, an instinctive right bearing toward every question of duty and every temptation to wrong." The precondition of securing this is "to keep at the full height the consciousness of a developing divine life within," that it may have its right of way. To this end the cardinal maxim, reiterated with emphasis, is that "the Christian, at each emergence of crisis, is to call up the living presence of the living Christ, and to submit himself to its spell." Then he will be likely to act as Christ in his circumstances would act; it will be Christ acting through him. Unfortunately, this method of sheer intuition, however effective in familiar situations, fails when applied to many new questions, the right and wrong in which have not been thought out in an ethical utilitarian consideration of the practical effects of conduct. For instance, it is quite illusory to imagine that the Christ-spirit, however supreme in a good conscience, can instinctively condemn the over-capitalization of a street railway until intellectually convinced of its usurious results. Thus the purely intuitive method proves impotent to effect moral progress in the line of extension over new fields of conduct. It is utterly amiss to say with Mr. Clark, "It is impulse and motive, not action itself, whereof conscience is judge." Does not conscience often reproach us for inconsiderate action, the impulse and motive of which were irreproachable?

THE HOUSE DIGNIFIED

This is a suggestive title[2] for a worthy treatment of a subject most desirable for consideration. The design, the arrangement, and the decoration of a house should of all things be

[1] The Christian Method of Ethics. By Henry W. Clark. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.25, net.
[2] The House Dignified. By Lillie Hamilton French. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $5, net.

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controlled by a taste that recognizes fitness and harmony. The author points out that while palatial houses are now being erected on every hand, the owners are too apt to think of external architectural effect, money, cost, and magnificence generally, rather than of environment and the application of detail. The method of the book is to take up separately the different parts of the house—hall, salon, dining-room, stairway, library, fireplaces, windows and doors, and so on—to study their relation to the whole house and to one another, and the fitness or unfitness of different plans of decoration, furnishing, and equipment. The volume is itself dignified in outward appearance and beautiful in detail. It has seventy-five large illustrations from photographs of rooms and details of modern houses here first published.

COUNTRY LIFE IN FRANCE

Madame Waddington's former books have led the reader confidently to expect from her writing agreeable impressions, large social knowledge, and charm of manner. The present volume[2] confirms that expectation. Few women, not French by birth, have had such ample opportunities to enjoy and understand life in French châteaux. Her narrative is written in an easy and friendly way, with no stiffness of manner and yet with dignity and womanly reserve. Very many of our readers must have enjoyed these chapters as they appeared one by one in magazine form, and if they like them as well as we do they will be glad to have the rounded story in this complete and attractive book.

A STAR OF THE SALONS

The influence exercised by Julie de Lespinasse upon the intellectual life of her time, though great, seems to have been even less than the enduring sympathy which her character and sufferings still evoke among students and writers. On the surface, her position, her lonely life, was not exceptional in the circle in which she moved; but there was and is something about her that moves the heart. Her Life by the Marquis de Ségur has been noticed in these columns. It was written from a distinctly French point of view. "The Star of the Salons, Julie de Lespinasse,"[2] by Camilla Jebb, offers a greater treat to the reader. Instead of less comprehension, less sympathy, one finds an access of discriminating insight and loving fellow-feeling in the English biographer that makes her work especially attractive in connection with that of the Frenchman. The painful story of unacknowledged parentage, of cold sufferance in her mother's family, of bright hopes of freedom with Mme. du Deffand, soon extinguished, of independent struggle crowned with temporary success—all the story of this sorrowful heroine is retold, and told in a sparkling, original style, quite worthy of the brightest and most vigorous moments of Julie de Lespinasse herself. The biographer, apparently from pure love of her subject, introduces many piquant bits which show the social conditions and cast illuminating side-lights upon contemporary customs, manners, and characters. The book is very quotable, if for nothing else than the delicious effect of British downrightness explaining Gallic sentiment and delicacy. Miss Jebb uses the material discovered by M. de Ségur, but refashions it, with feminine wit and love, into a different effect. By strong inference, she holds a lance in defense of her heroine against Mrs. Humphry Ward's deadening touch. We quote an English review of the book, which puts into a few words the gist of Miss Jebb's estimates. The reviewer says: "It may be admitted that the veritable base of character in this finely composite type of the Frenchwoman of the eighteenth century was constituted of noble elements. She was a vessel of election into which all the sins and sorrows of her infamous family were poured; and though her high, strong spirit at last gave way under the tragedy of her fate, she fell only after a lifelong struggle." Twenty full-page illustrations embellish this volume, in addition to the portrait of the heroine, which also appears in M. de Ségur's Life.

THE SHAKESPEARE "FIRST FOLIO" EDITION

The publication of these three volumes[1] brings this eminently useful and convenient edition well on towards its thirtieth volume. Readers of The Outlook will remember that it is to be completed in forty volumes. The industry of the editors is extraordinary, for the task is very heavy; and any one who looks at the volumes as they come from the press will recognize the thoroughness and magnitude of the work which they represent. Seven new plays have been added this year. The edition reproduces the original First Folio text, with notes, glossaries, variants, and criticism. Its value has become more apparent as the volumes have come from the press.

[2] Château and Country Life in France. By Mary King Waddington. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50, net.

[2] A Star of the Salons. Julie de Lespinasse. By Camilla Jebb. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.50.

[1] Shakespeare "First Folio" Edition. Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. The Taming of the Shrew. Two Gentlemen of Verona. Coriolanus. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. Per volume, 75c.

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LETTERS TO THE OUTLOOK

WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY?

I have recently discovered that although I have been a constant attendant at church services all my life, I have absolutely no *connected* idea of what Protestant Christians believe. I have failed to find, during a sixty days' search, a simple statement of the principal points involved in the Christian faith. I also failed to find any one who cared to write such a statement.

I suggested to a friend of mine, a minister, that he preach a sermon giving in a half-hour's discourse a short, undefended statement of belief covering, possibly, the following points:

Creation of matter and giving of life.

God's choice of the Jewish nation and his attitude toward other nations.

Old Testament prophecy and revelation.

Dual personality of Christ.

His miracles.

The Atonement.

The Resurrection.

The Ascension.

Miracles of the early Apostles.

Were the relations between God and man ever any more intimate than in 1908?

What does God require in the way of belief?

What is the Eternal Life toward which the entire New Testament points?

To be exact, I have asked four ministers to do this, and have had the following replies:

1. "It is an attractive proposition, but I have so much planned for this summer that I shall not be able to get at it soon."

2. "If such a thing could be successfully done, it would be worth a year's effort."

2. "I wish I had such a statement to put in the hands of my young people. It would be a great help to me."

4. "A man ought to try it who enjoys criticism."

I cannot understand why it should be difficult to do. It seems to me that a concise statement covering these points, that could be read in thirty minutes or less, would be a valuable part of religious literature. *None of the points mentioned are those on which the various branches of the Protestant Church differ.*

Will you kindly refer me to such an article in either book or magazine? Or, if you think it of enough importance, will you print such a statement in The Outlook?

Kansas City, Missouri. H. W. B.

[I do not think it is practicable to answer, in a paper that can be read in thirty minutes, all the questions which H. W. B. asks. Nor am I prepared to tell him in thirty minutes or thirty hours what Protestant Christians believe. That is as difficult as to tell what Socialists believe. Whatever definitions are given, some Christians will think them erroneous and more will think them inadequate. But it is possible to tell in three or four pages of The Outlook what are the vital principles taught by Jesus Christ and exemplified by his life. That I try to do in an article on another page. In succeeding articles I will consider some of my correspondent's questions in the light of Christ's teachings. And, as I suppose that my understanding both of Christianity and of the philosophy of religion is in substantial agreement on essential points with that of most Protestant Christians, my correspondent, and others who share his perplexity, may get approximately an answer to his inquiry.—LYMAN ABBOTT.]

CORNERING THE PUBLIC LANDS

To me, as an Easterner sojourning in the Rocky Mountains, and familiar with conditions and problems out here by reason of two years' residence and activity as a journalist and editor, it seems strange that the President should have been led into advocacy of the scheme of the cattle barons to tie up the remainder of the unappropriated public domain in private leaseholds for their benefit.

Of late there is a good deal of discussion in the magazines anent Forest Reserves and the conservation of our natural resources. Along with this there seems to be a good deal of criticism of Western people because they are not altogether enthusiastic over the present administration of the reserves at the hands of the Forest Service. Certainly no people in the country have the right to claim such intelligent familiarity with the Forest Reserves and their administration as the people of this section; and surely, then, criticism at their hands merits some consideration, rather than recrimination, inasmuch as they are absolutely the only people in the country, among some eighty-four million citizens, who have any actual contact or experiences with the Forest Service officials or employees.

It is true that there is a growing feeling out West that the Forest Service is rather transcending the original purpose of its creation—namely, to protect timbered areas from spoliation or fire, and to administer them scientifically so as to insure permanent use and uniform, undiminished timber supply in the actual forested areas, as well as to

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nourish the regular flow of streams. This is the idea we had back in New York, I know, when we established the first American forest reserve. Such, I believe, has been the idea of Presidents who have proclaimed and fostered forest reserves—Cleveland, Harrison, McKinley, and Roosevelt. It is my impression that such has been the idea, too, of the people of the whole country at large in their general approval accorded to an institution deservedly growing in popularity.

But, speaking as "the man on the spot," it is my observation that these ranchmen, small cattlemen, and homesteaders out here in the Rocky Mountains—all of whom have more or less to do with Forest Reserves—are having some experiences with them not originally contemplated. In fact, there is a general disposition on the part of the Western press, irrespective of political affiliation, to charge that the present Forest Reserve policy is impeding settlement. We must remember that in the East our States have never had to deal with an army of Forest Reserve employees, ranging over millions of acres and executing rules and regulations wholly independent of State laws or judiciary. We must bear in mind that the combined area of the Forest Reserves in the West is now larger than the States of Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Jersey, New York, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, and with thousands of square miles left over. And all of this domain, and the people who have relations with it, are absolutely under the control and caprice of employees far from the surveillance of a chief at Washington.

And it is now proposed to turn over 300,000,000 acres of the remaining public lands to the Forest Service, and to give it the power to sell grazing privileges. It is proposed to tie up the public domain in blocks of 10,000 acres for periods up to ten years. Two bills looking to this end have already been introduced into the Congress. Nobody seems to have thought about the settler. For the moment he is eliminated. The big cattlemen, whose interests are being crowded by settlers, have raised a cry of "The range is being destroyed." Under the proposed ingenious scheme to discourage further encroachments by Eastern settlers, it is now to be made a crime for any unlicensed person to allow his cattle to graze upon any public lands or to exceed the privileges of his "permit."

Within the memory of man the public domain, or common, has, both in England and in the older States of this country, been open to advantage the settler or frontiersman. In the days when the Nation was poor, no one ever thought of wringing a tax from the pioneer. Why is it proposed to do so now, when the Nation is rich and prosperous, great and strong?

Outside of the large cattle operators, the Forest Reserve employees, and the lumber interests, there is absolutely no demand for this legislation from the people whose interests it is professed the Government wants to serve. There is not a newspaper of any standing west of the 100th meridian that can be led into any advocacy of this scheme.

Our people are far more interested in the concerns of the homesteader than they are in those of either cattlemen or sheepmen. There is a feeling that if at any time the range needs to be controlled, to prevent overgrazing, our State Legislatures are amply able to deal with the question without there being imposed upon the people of the frontier States the burden of supporting a whole army of Federal officers. Personally, after close study of conditions for two years, I see no evidences of the range being destroyed, except "destroyed" in a sense that it is being replaced by happy homes and cultivated fields. Is it not conceivable that if the forage upon the public domain were destroyed, the legislative machinery of these Western States would discover it and take steps to save the humble and inoffensive homesteader from bankruptcy and starvation?

In conclusion, I ask space in which to condemn the ignorant and often malicious representation of writers "back home" who endeavor to convey the impression that the people of the Rocky Mountain States do not quite know how to look after their own interests as well as the Government can do it for them. The feeling that the West must be treated as a prodigal wasting its inheritance, despoiling its own posterity, grows somewhat wearisome. The sentiment does not originate among the people of the East; I am of the "East" myself, and I know that such writings do not represent intelligent sentiment there.

The people of the country at large may not be wholly well informed as to far-removed and very unfamiliar conditions, but they have the greatest National pride in all of the achievements of the West. The settlement and growth of the once maligned "Great American Desert" have been their patriotic boast abroad and their wonder at home.

FRANCIS PERRY ELLIOTT,
Editor The Great Southwest, Denver, Colorado.

[It is true that the present policy impedes settlement, if by settlement is meant activity in taking up public lands, but it is hardly

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true, if settlement means the creation and maintenance of permanent homes.

(1) The Forest Service has been advancing steadily in line with the original purpose of its creation, namely, the maximum use in the long run of all the resources contained in the National forests, in the interest primarily of the home-maker.

(2) So far from there being the "swarm" of employees ranging over millions of acres referred to in the above letter, there has been an average density during the busiest part of the season of one employee to about ninety-seven thousand acres! These employees execute the rules and regulations of the Secretary of Agriculture made under the express authority conferred upon him by Congress. Otherwise the employees are in all respects subject to the State laws. The rules and regulations are published, and if any employee acts tyrannically, capriciously, or in anything but a spirit of fairness and courtesy, he acts contrary to the published regulations, and will quickly be called to account in every case where his action becomes known.

(3) Doubtless the real cause of dissatisfaction of critics in the vein of the above writer is the fact that the Federal courts are sustaining the grazing regulations in the States where the State laws would not of themselves keep drifting stock off the Forest Reserves as soon as the Government should fence the lands.

(4) As to the charge that the regulation of grazing is in the interest of big cattlemen, the Prairie Courier, of Soldier, Idaho, says:

> The day of the small flock-owner has arrived. The policy of the Government is to establish homes, and to that end it is absolutely necessary to give the owners of small flocks a foothold. . . . The homesteaders would all have been overrun had not the forest officials arrived in the nick of time. The logic of events foreshadows a time not far distant when the immense flocks grazing on the foothills will dissolve like a mist, and out of that dissolution will arise countless home-bred, home-fed flocks that will in the aggregate far outnumber all the thousands that loom large in the public eye. Oregon as a producer of sheep in large bands is indeed great, but Ohio, as the home of flocks of fifty to one hundred head each, is far greater.

In the Alamogordo (New Mexico) News we read:

> Formerly there were about five men on this forest reserve who were getting the benefit of the entire country, while now there are at least three hundred or four hundred families who are benefited. Every farm in the mountains can now have from twenty-five to one hundred head of stock without much cost. . . . In less than five years the county will be receiving more taxes, and yet the small farmer will be paying nearer his just share than under the former system of free range and big stockmen.

(5) As for newspaper support "west of the one hundredth meridian," the weight of such opinion is overwhelmingly with the Forest Service; for instance, the Idaho Daily Statesman says:

> The great majority of the thinking people of the West are not opposed to the Government's Forest Reserve policy, and they must resent the attempt now being made . . . to show that the policy is unpopular here. The masses of our people fully realize that the National Government has aided them immeasurably by protecting their water and timber supplies.

The Salt Lake City Republican says:

> Does the forestry policy of the President permit actual settlers to find a home in the forest reserve? Does it permit an American citizen to locate and perfect title? Does it afford the manhood and womanhood of the Republic the homestead rights which have been theirs from the founding of the Nation? The answer will have to be affirmative in each case. The Government has not prevented any actual settler from establishing a home wherever on the public lands (even the forest reserve) he may select a place. It has in every way encouraged his making a home. The Government idea has been that actual settlers are more to be desired, are of more value to the Nation, than is stock.

The Spokane (Washington) Spokesman-Review says:

> The purpose of these reserves is to protect some part of the forest wealth of the West against the raids of a few big timber operators, and hold that forest wealth for the use and benefit of the real settler. These great timber interests have acquired gigantic tracts of the best of northern Idaho. How many settlers are upon their lands? Very few indeed. Almost without exception, these lands were taken under the Timber Act, which requires no settlement, cultivation, or improvement.

(6) The question of control of the open range is, of course, a different matter, and must be considered as distinct from the administration of the National forests. It is safe to say that the majority of the people in the West have come to realize that some sort of control of the land is necessary. The land belongs to the Federal Government, and so long as it does so the States would hardly be inclined to act.—THE EDITORS.]

CURIOUS CONDITIONS IN COLORADO

As I look over the great expanse of mountain, plain, and prairie, and the various peoples included in the territory called the United States of America, I wonder if one government can ever be formulated and put into practice that shall insure justice, equality, and the best interests of each different faction, section, and locality. The inability to carry on a National policy for the conservation of the best interests of all is demonstrated in the tariff question, which we need not dwell upon here.

Another point will come to my attention on election day, as I shall look over the ballot presented to me at a polling-place in a mountainous county of south central Colorado. Here on the State ticket is the name of a woman for State Superintendent of Instruc-

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tion, and on the county ticket is the name of a woman for the county superintendency of schools. And women will crowd about the polls throughout Colorado as well as in Wyoming, Idaho, and Utah. In these States women are assisting to elect men who shall rule women who are not allowed to vote in other States. Note the injustice—women of part of the country choosing rulers for the other part. Why should there be such discrimination in the same country?

Again, on my ballot I may read the names of candidates—names which look queer to the eye. For Sheriff, "José Jesus Quintana," for example. Spanish names, but appellations of a mixed race, hybrids, a race "gone to seed" as it were. Few pure Spaniards are found in the Southwestern United States. Their color, their speech, indicate a mixture of Spanish, Indian, and other bloods. In this county whereof I write are Mexican or "greaser" towns where the prevailing language is Mexican, and all is clannish. Yet to-day these worse than foreigners vote on an equality with whites. They are not required to be naturalized, although many of them "savey" no English. In the Southland the negro, who I believe is equal in every point to the greaser, is practically disfranchised, and certainly never would be tolerated in office. To-day, on either party ticket are names of Mexicans for responsible offices, the sheriffship being a coveted position by these simple, half-wild natives. Why should some foreigners be obliged to pass through naturalization while the Mexican is not? Why should the negro be disfranchised while the dark-skinned, barbaric, jabbering greaser is allowed to vote and hold office? Another injustice.

Again, on the ticket of either party are the names of Mormons from the Mormon settlements of the county. And among the women, greasers, and white men crowding the polls are Mormons, and some of them to my knowledge are living with two wives, in polygamy, in defiance of the laws. Men convicted by courts of crime and confined cannot vote, but men guilty of crime in the eyes of their neighbors vote and hold office. How consistent! Consistency, thou art a jewel!

All things are possible nnd probable in politics. I am surprised at nothing. Each party here divides up its nominations among the classes of voters, common white men, women, Mormons, and greasers.

What a strange ticket! What a strange mass of electors! What a strange sort of government results! Is is any wonder that graft, corruption, and greed prevail?

W. F. WILCOX.

La Jara, Colorado.

CHURCH HYGIENE AND THE TRAINING OF JANITORS

Few subjects of interest to those who are most concerned in reasonable conditions of life have made so great advance in recent years as that of hygiene. The development of school hygiene in its various forms leads one to wonder why the religious press and the institutions concerned with the training of ministers and church workers have not developed departments of church hygiene.

The establishment of a fund to study this matter could easily result in the organization of material which would make an immediate difference in the unconscious attitude of many toward the church. The ventilation conditions alone account for many cases in which people either stay away from church or suffer on account of going. There are few periods in the week when one has more tendency to breathe deeply than when he is sitting quietly at a service, and there are few times when he gets such poor returns for his breathing. Among other most obvious defects are the absence of provision for drinking water and of adequate and, in many cases, decent toilet-rooms.

One reason for the neglect of these and other important physical needs is that a most significant function in church administration, like the same position in the school, still remains without any requirement or provision for training. Any one can be a janitor if he is so badly off that he can do no better. The possibilities of usefulness and influence in this work must come to be recognized soon and provision be made to train men for this activity. It is no more remarkable to expect this than it would have been a few years ago to have expected the advances made in the equipment of teachers and librarians.

Perhaps some day the Teachers College may add a department, and thus place the social forces of the country still more in its debt.

FRANK A. MANNY.

Western State Normal School,
Kalamazoo, Michigan.

GOING TO THE DOGS

My grandpa notes the world's worn cogs,
And says we're going to the dogs;
His grandad in his house of logs
Swore things were going to the dogs;
His dad amid the Flemish bogs
Vowed things were going to the dogs;
The cave man, in his queer skin togs,
Said things were going to the dogs:
But this is what I wish to state,—
The dogs have had an awful wait.

—*Washington Herald.*

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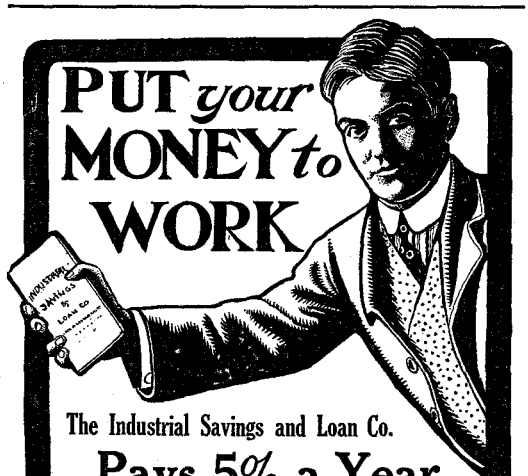

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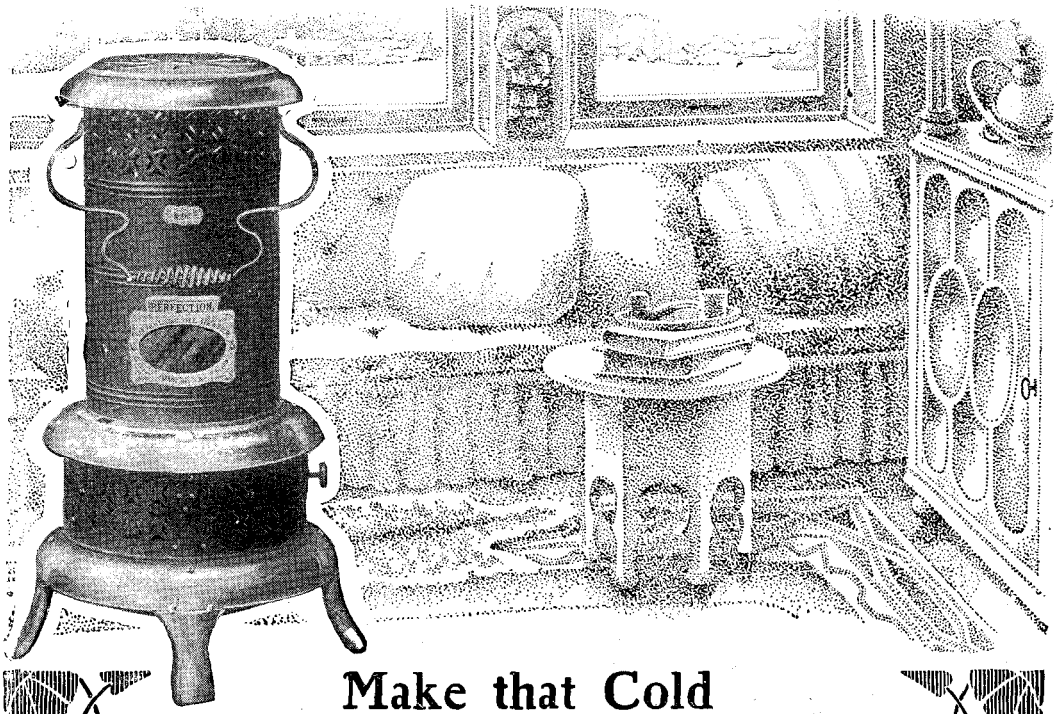

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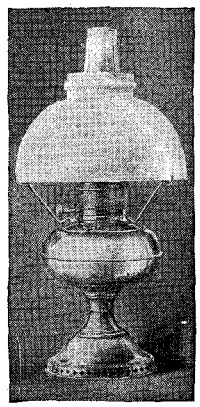

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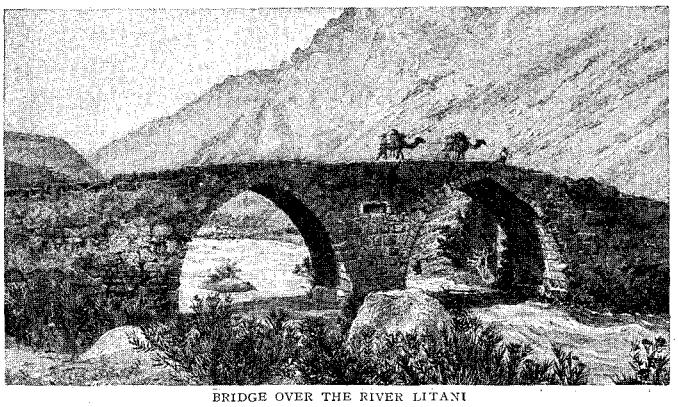

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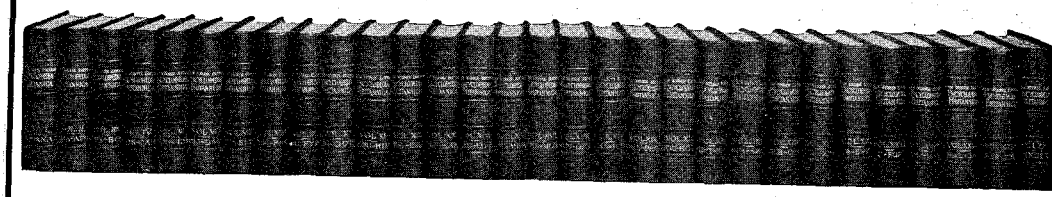

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